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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1942

LIABILITIES	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,910,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	760,094,994
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	2,905,299
Engagements	10,299,882
ASSETS	
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...	80,592,217
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	33,251,334
Money at Call and Short Notice	25,758,153
Bills Discounted (Treasury Bills £32,815,922)... ...	34,696,054
Treasury Deposit Receipts	201,000,000
Investments	235,221,988
Advances & other Accounts	159,436,077
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	13,205,181
Bank Premises	8,844,446
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Shares in Affiliations: Belfast Banking Co. Ltd. The Clydesdale Bank Ltd. North of Scotland Bank Ltd. ... ... Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd. ...	8,426,455

HEAD OFFICE:
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World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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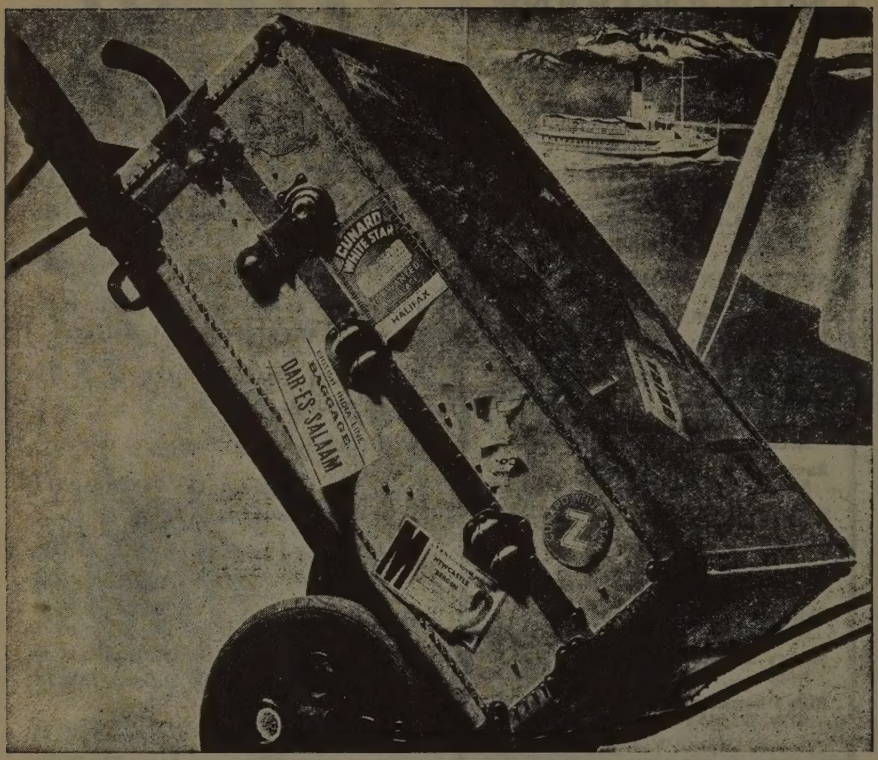

Until then . . . Put any label you like on your cabin trunk, book a passage to where you will . . . the world is your oyster, all peoples are at peace. Until then, even to travel fifty miles unnecessarily is a hindrance to the war effort. Your Ford car too, must remain shrouded in the garage. Unless, of course, you are busily engaged on essential work — in which case the Ford Facilities can assist you, and the National effort, by helping keep your car running both economically and efficiently. But those of us who must sacrifice both travel and car are wise enough to realise that to defeat the totalitarian nations we, too, must make a total effort. Peace will come the quicker for it.

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THINKING ALOUD

EDWARD HULTON

NEWS ITEM NO. I

THE Nazi under-sea-boat is at present our greatest menace; and its fortunes constitute perhaps the greatest item of war news. At the time of writing, this is not apparent from the daily perusal of newspaper headlines and front pages. People have become infected recently, not only with '48-hour flu,' and with an apparently new species of jaundice, popularly rumoured to be catching, but with a renewed habit of asking when the war will be over. To this query the popular reply often suggests that it is practically over bar the shouting. The termination of the war is certainly bound up with the conquest of the U-boat. Moreover it is certain that the war will not be finished until the U-boats have been destroyed; that our present efforts against this pest are by no means sufficient; and that, if they are not substantially augmented, there is even a possibility that the war may be won by the other side.

The press, as a whole, has rendered a considerable service by demanding improved methods; but, quite frankly, it has not given as much prominence to the sinking of our shipping as to the constant Russian victories. There remains a lack of proportion in our dailies.

ALEXANDER MUST GO!

IF the press has been somewhat out of proportion, it is difficult to speak with temperance of the oratory of Mr. A. V. Alexander. It is a commonplace that he has done his level best to suggest that everything is hunkydory. I am afraid that the Admiralty are trying to have it both ways. The figures of our shipping losses are never published. This is in itself a mistake. But what happens is actually much worse than this. For when a question is asked in the House, Mr. Alexander, instead of replying that the subject cannot be discussed, always tries to present a very rosy picture. Further than this he goes out into the country, where he continues to depict these roseate visions. Thus, at the moment, a question in Parliament is apt to do more harm than good. It is hard to resist the suspicion that his replies to questions are intended, not so much as an approach to objective truth, as a defence of his own department. The service ministers have during the war become pretty well the holders of sinecure offices; and their functions have been assumed by Mr. Churchill as Minister of Defence. This being the case, it follows that Mr. Alexander's activities are in reality those of a Public Relations Officer. In this task he has conspicuously failed. He should go at once! His most fantastic effort was when, in his usual booming tones, he declared that it was for the general public to see to it that the Fleet Air Arm had up-to-date planes and equipment. This is making nonsense of democracy, and certainly adding insult to injury.

It would seem that in this matter both sides are to blame. The Ministry of Aircraft Production has starved the Navy of planes. Also, radio equipment and maintenance crews have not been good enough. On the other hand,

the Admirals at the top of the Navy are not air-minded, and have not been sufficiently concerned to demand the things wanted. Many people may resent anything so sacrilegious as an attack on the British Navy, which at least since the day of Trafalgar has been for all practical purposes sacred. One answer to this is that there is the greatest distinction in the world between the British Navy, ratings or officers, on the one hand, and the Admiralty on the other. The Admiralty, after all, is, and has always been, not a ship but an office. I think that any delving into history would prove that the Admiralty has nearly always been technically reactionary; and that the best officers afloat have, on extremely frequent occasions, been in violent conflict with it, ever since the days of Nelson and Cochrane. It will be remembered that their lordships were more than loath to introduce steam into Her Majesty's ships. Again, after the somewhat bizarre encounter between the Federal ironclad, *Monitor*, and the Confederate ironclad 'ram', '*Merimac*', the first fight between armoured warships, the navies of the world made haste to equip themselves with ironclad vessels. I can find no trace that their lordships evinced any interest in this transatlantic experiment.

It will also be recalled that, during the last war, if it had been left to the wishes of the Admiralty we should have had no convoy system, and the U-boat would have triumphed. I must confess that there is a fascination in the titles, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth Sea-lord, etc. Nevertheless, in this department of government particularly, titles by no means correspond to duties; and the whole department requires thorough reconstruction. Incidentally, most people, I suppose, have at the back of their

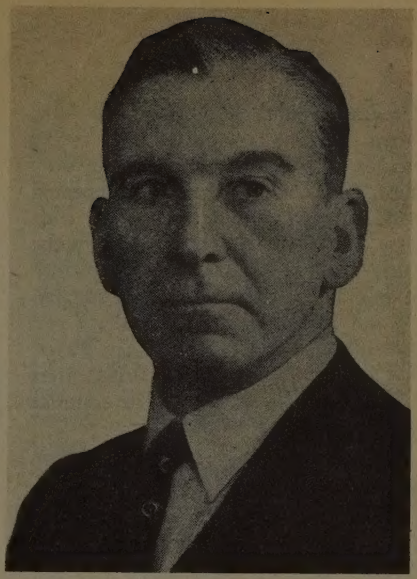
minds the idea that these various Sea-lords, who form the so-called Board of Admiralty, actually sit round a table and pore over war plans. This was no doubt the original intention when the office of Lord High Admiral was put 'into commission'. Nowadays, however, their lordships never meet, being entirely concerned with the administration of sub-departments, their planning functions being taken over by the Naval Staff.

A DEAR DELUSION

ACTUALLY there is one way in which our naval organisation is inferior to that of the German Navy. It has long been one of our dearest delusions that the German armed services are utterly rigid. This idea has been out of date since the Prussian defeat by Napoleon at Jena in 1806, and the subsequent reforms of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—ominous names which cropped up in the last war and, unfortunately, again in this one. One salient fact about Prussian or German militarism is that there is wonderful method in its madness. For more than a hundred years the German armed forces have been characterised by flexibility, devolution to junior officers, and encouragement of enterprise by such junior officers. When it was sought to apply discipline coupled with flexibility to the '*Kriegsmarine*' the solution discovered was the following: in the German Navy command is by function, and not by seniority. In other words, if a German officer is "Rear-Admiral in Command of Destroyers" he is told to get on with this work, just as the head of a department would be in a private business, and no one is suffered to interfere with him. In the British Navy an Admiral, or a Vice-Admiral, could suddenly take some of his destroyers away. This has often happened, with most

unhappy results. The Norwegian mess-up was caused by a similar interference with the officer commanding afloat by nervous busy-bodies at Whitehall. This is not to suggest that the German Navy is a better service than the British, which is perhaps the most splendid service in the world. The wonderful spirit which our Navy has succeeded in preserving and maintaining comes almost as a shock, and a pleasant surprise, whenever one stumbles across it. Civilians one knows who have gone into the army occasionally describe themselves as being 'browned-off'; though they do seem infinitely more interested in life now that there is a great deal more technical training. However, men who have had comfortable jobs and are now Ordinary Seamen, so far from expressing distress at the rigorous training or the hard conditions at sea, become almost a bore in their enthusiasm for naval life. The other day a sailor was telling me that the wives of naval officers are not failing to keep up to these high traditions. When a ship arrived at a British port full of terribly wounded men, one of these wives rushed on board and helped to carry the men off. My informant was nearly speechless with enthusiasm for her courageous conduct. He added, 'I had always heard before the war that she was a proper bitch!' What is wanted is the continuance of this spirit, plus an appreciation at the top of the importance of constant technical advance, especially in the air. British sea-power is dead. British air-sea-power has a glorious future—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce, please note!

When trying to combat the Nazi submarine, we have to realise that zero hour has struck, and that we must make a clear distinction in our minds between



LORD WINSTER, *a most valuable critic of Naval affairs. Equivalent to the man who got convoys adopted in the last war*

things which might be advantageous over a long period and things which can be done now. It is regrettable that faster merchant ships were not launched before the war, and still more disgraceful that they were not ordered the moment that war was declared. Advantageous as they would be, it may well be that it is not economic to build them now, because it would entail such great changes at the shipyards. Again, though we must keep ahead of the enemy in scientific development, it is true, I believe, that our present scientific apparatus against the U-boats is quite satisfactory. What is wanted is more of it. It is a question of immediately diverting against the Nazi submarines the very large number of aeroplanes which we have already got. It is not easy to resist the conclusion that raids over Berlin are something in the nature of a luxury. Further, it is the duty of the press to supply criticism and suggestions which are constructive and not silly. In this respect both the *Evening*

Standard and the *Daily Mail* have fallen down. Both have given us pretty picures of so-called cargo-carrying warships. The *Standard*'s illustration appeared with the bold headline: 'This will conquer the U-boat!' On 3 February, the *Daily Mail* favoured us with a picture of one of these hybrids more suitable for the romances of Jules Verne or the columns of the *Boy's Own Paper*. It is not the function of the British press to accord the hospitality of its columns to every nautical crank.

The only really effective weapon against the submarine is the aeroplane. Air activity by land-based craft has been very successful. The trouble is that there is a gap of around 1,200 miles in the middle of the Atlantic. Here we need aircraft based on merchant ships converted as small aircraft carriers. The essential thing is to keep the U-boat packs away from the convoys. Once the U-boats have got among the pigeons very little can be done by the guns on board surface escort vessels.

It is impossible to conclude without the fervent hope that the equipment and status of the Fleet Air Arm may be rapidly improved. At present, owing to obsolete types, the Fleet Air Arm is not a happy service. A small point is that, owing to the fact that the Fleet Air Arm pilot can in the nature of things hardly ever bring down an enemy, he is hardly ever able to win a decoration. An award for long and effective service seems indicated. A symptom of the prevailing confusion is the curious fact that members do not know whether it is called the Fleet Air Arm, or if it has returned to its former title of Royal Naval Air Service.

Mr. Churchill's speech to the Commons on 11 February did not really give many facts. However, the light which he threw upon the waters of the Atlantic was a rosy one. I certainly hope that this was the true light; though I am almost certain that it was not. Another essential is an anti-U-boat committee of full time men, with a full quota of experts, meeting every day, and every night, and not eighteen times a year!

One of the most unfortunate cartoons of the war, prematurely suggesting a satisfactory French set-up in North Africa
From *Punch*, 13 January 1943

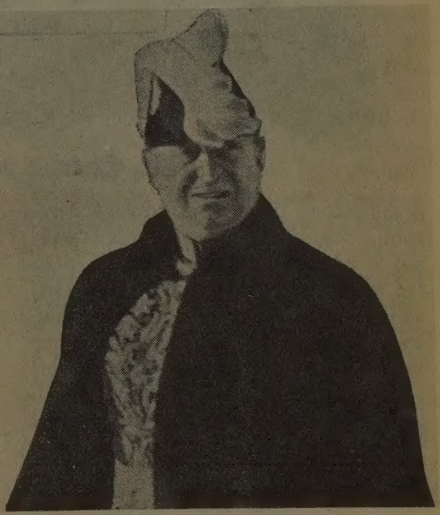
EISENHOWER'S COMMAND

THE Prime Minister secured a considerable triumph by his speech to the House after his journey to the East. There can be no doubt that his varied experiences out there must have been highly exhilarating; and he was in a particularly buoyant mood which carried members with him. He explained to the house how General Eisenhower will be supreme Commander-in-Chief. It is difficult to criticise this decision, especially since Alexander will really be Chief of Staff, Tedder becomes Air-Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and Sir Andrew Cunningham

was confirmed in his command of Anglo-U.S. Naval Forces in North Africa, and with his sphere extended eastward. I believe it is a fact that Alexander's dashing semi-Irish personality is supremely popular with all ranks, partly owing to the rakish angle at which he always wears his cap. It is also pleasant to learn that he gets on extremely well with Eisenhower, and that they work and live together on the very best possible terms. Eisenhower is said to be an extremely intelligent person. There has been some criticism of the effectiveness of the American soldiers. It should be remembered that they have had very little experience of fighting. As little experience as our own men had at the beginning of the war, when there were some unhappy incidents. In both cases there has been natural failure to appreciate the tricks which the Nazi forces can get up to. In our early days our Guards regiments were not much more experienced either; though their dogged disciplined resistance was sometimes able to hold the position.

THE MAN FROM BUENOS AIRES

MR. Churchill did not say a lot about the French set-up in North Africa. It is about this that one cannot feel so happy; and Members of Parliament are said not to be satisfied with the Premier's exposition of it. My personal view is that the obvious scheme, from the first, would have been to establish a United Nations temporary military government for North Africa, with representatives of Russia, and of France. One may perhaps allude to the smoothness with which the British military government is working in the Eastern Mediterranean; though I could have preferred that this should also have been under the United Nations, without any question of respective spheres of influence. I would like to have seen a United Nations flag flying over the citadel of Tripoli, and not just a Union Jack. It is true that General Giraud, as opposed to General de Gaulle, has made no claim to represent all France; and he regards North Africa essentially as a *zone des armées*. Nevertheless, it would have been much better had he made it a great deal clearer that his work is purely military, and that he has no concern with setting up any regime in metropolitan France. It is patently absurd to regard the French colonists of Northern Africa as representative of the French people. Had the fortunes of war been other, and had a victorious France had the privilege of rescuing a conquered India and Burma from the hands of the Japanese, it would obviously have been ludicrous had the French recognised the soldiers and clubmen of Poona as typical representatives of 'Free England'. Whatever one may feel about the deal with Darlan, it



PEYROUTON, *the man from Buenos Aires*

We, Charles de Gaulle . . . .

is difficult to understand why M. Peyrouton should have been accorded facilities to take the road from Buenos Aires. He is said to be a peculiarly able civil administrator, or police officer, working always under orders. However, one would have thought that of men of his stamp Algiers already possessed an *embarras des richesses* without Argentine imports. Democrats are right to be on their guard lest Peyroutonism flourishes in the new world to come. As a symptom of democratic fears it may be mentioned that a 'Joint Committee for United Action in the Fight against Fascism' has been formed, and that a protest meeting was summoned to the Mechanics' Institute at Bradford.

DE GAULLE?

MEANWHILE what of Charles de Gaulle? No one denies that de Gaulle was the first to raise the French colours aloft after the fall of France. What is less satisfactory about him is that his training as a soldier has given him little insight

MUSELIER, *the gallant founder of the Fighting French Navy*

ABOYNEAU, *who has recently rendered efficient service*

into democratic ideals, and that during his residence in Carlton House Terrace his democratic education has made little significant advance. It is his personal temperament which has stood in the way of the French National Committee's becoming as democratic as it should and must be, and has prevented loyal sons of France from uniting, even nominally, under its *ægis*. It is said that another bar to the success of the Committee is that its attitude to the British has not always been co-operative. This, once more, is attributed to the temperament and prejudices of de Gaulle. He is said to be severely bitten with nationalism, and to be no great lover of ourselves. As a symptom of the fact that the General does not always choose democratic counsellors, one may be permitted to cite the case of his collaboration with M. Vallin, who was Number Two to Colonel de la Rocque and his Croix de Feu, who was one of the hooded Cagoulards co-operating with the Germans long before the outbreak of war, and who put in two years of active co-operation with the German authorities after the fall of France.

Neither is it possible to pass over de Gaulle's treatment of Admiral Muselier. Muselier is a fine example of a Frenchman, a man of unimpeachable integrity, and a skilled Mediterranean sailor. He was the creator of the Free French Navy, and he was genuinely liked by our own naval authorities. Although suffering from a painful complaint, he refused the offer of a British cruiser to take him to Canada, and insisted on venturing out in a small Free French corvette, on which he was tempest-tossed for many weeks. He was ordered by de Gaulle to take possession of Saint Pierre and Miquelon, despite the understanding with Britain and the United States. After being compelled to carry out this operation he resigned, as a protest, from the French Committee. He wished to continue his work as head of the Free French Navy but was sacked by de Gaulle. This force, consisting of about fifty light vessels, was by far the most effective force which the Free

French were supplying to the Allies' efforts. It was splendidly organised by Muselier; but after his dismissal, chaos reigned at its headquarters. It is agonising to learn how its most efficient officers were dismissed by de Gaulle, and in some cases placed under many days' arrest, solely owing to their loyalty to the gallant Admiral. Praise is due to the recent services of Aboyneau to the Fighting French Navy. In the meantime the services of Muselier, who, incidentally, is an expert on the defences of Bizerta, are not being employed. It would be too unpleasant to describe in detail the activities of de Gaulle in Syria. Suffice it to say that he ran foul of both Lyttelton and Casey in the Middle East, and that with Casey he had a stormy interview which can be most politely described as a shouting match. The activities of one of de Gaulle's police officers have also caused considerable alarm in democratic breasts. It is no secret that Mr. Churchill does not like the General.

What is the solution? We have here a Free French organisation; and there can be no question of winding it up, or placing it under the jurisdiction of General Giraud. On the contrary, General Giraud should pay allegiance to the Free French political committee. But this committee must at once become democratic and representative. The suggestion made in the *Observer* (and in *World Review*), that this committee should return to Republican legality and legitimacy was scouted by some people, including de Gaulle's colleague, André Philip. It is interesting to observe that de Gaulle has now thought better of it, and has publicly announced that he accepts this suggestion. The solution seems to be that he should implement this promise.

As for the comments in the *Daily Worker* for the 10th of February, they can be dismissed with the contempt which they merit. Though it is diverting to notice that they are similar to comments made in the highly reactionary Roman Catholic organ, *Tablet*. The kindest excuse for the editorial froth of the *Daily Worker*'s Frank Pitcairn would be to point out that it was the fruit of obedience to the ubiquitous *Parteibefehl*, *i.e.*, party order.

FROM PROFESSOR SAURAT

Sir,

I have been taken to task severely by some Spanish friends, among them Professor Portillo, whose name appears in your January issue as the Spanish Member of the Committee of the *Union Culturelle*, for using the expression 'Spain proper' because it seemed to convey to them an implication that Catalonia and the Basque country were not Spain. They would like it made clear in our expressions, as it is clear in our minds, that we are not dealing at the *Union Culturelle* with the political question of the future Constitution of Spain.

I can only repeat my view, which is that of the unanimity, that we are dealing with cultural questions only, and that we see in the solution of cultural problems on many occasions an attenuation and even sometimes a suppression of political difficulties. But whether we succeed in this or not, we are not intending to deal with political problems since, according to our Statement of Aims II, 4:

> 'C'est sur le terrain spirituel et culturel que 'les éléments d'une solution doivent être 'établis, des solutions durables dans le domaine 'politique, économique et social ne pouvant 'être trouvées que si l'entente spirituelle 'existe déjà, et n'étant possibles que si elles 'sont basées sur des réalités de l'ordre spirituel 'et culturel.'

We are now attempting to find a spiritual entente.

Yours sincerely,

D. SAURAT

'I HAVE BEEN AFTER THAT ANIMAL'

BOURBON SPIRIT IN U.S.A.

NEGLEY FARSON

MILTON may have said that 'Error is but opinion in the making.' But there are our old friends, the Bourbons, who have 'learned nothing and forgot nothing', who, as the Diehards in domestic and international political relations, may be classed as the outstanding ailment of our time. The Republican Party, returning to the attack against the New Deal in the United States, is a current manifestation. They, together with the Southern 'Conservative' Democrats, backed by the intransigeance of Big Business, have, from its very inception, malevolently opposed Roosevelt's moral revolution in the United States. Which is what the New Deal actually means to the average American. These reactionary forces were in retirement, for a time, during the worst period of the financial depression—although it should not be forgotten that it was the Republican Party which backed the big and small industrialists in the refusal to give U.S. organised labour the right to collective bargaining—granted to it in 1933 under Section 7-A of N.R.A.—which resulted in the wave of violent strikes which swept the United States from coast to coast in the summer of 1934. None of these strikes was for material things, such as reduced hours of work or higher wages; they were all for this *moral* right to have a Trade Union represent them with their employers—a right which the English worker has had for over fifty years.

Yet 'It will take the American Federation of Labour longer to get "recognition" from us than it took Soviet Russia to get it from the United States!' boasted the president of the Illinois Steel Company to me in the summer of 1934. 'Recognition' is this right to collective bargaining; 'us' is the United States Steel Corporation, which, as this self-satisfied president pointed out to me, 'has never lost a strike'.

It is this 'Bourbon Attitude' that I am writing about. For I think that a pre-requisite to any sound working Anglo-American partnership in world affairs is that the parties in each of our countries—who might agree with each other—must first reach an agreement with the other elements in their own countries—*before we can hope for any agreement between the whole*. I think that is incontestable. I also think that it can be demonstrated that in England these two major factors, capital and labour, have become more tolerant of each other, and that in wartime conditions they have become appreciably more friendly, with a gradual movement on both sides towards an applied social unity—it is frequently charged in the U.S. that England is 'going Left'—whereas, in the United States, Big Business, after the Republican successes at the recent Congressional elections, has done nothing less than declare an open warfare against organised labour. Your issue is closing; ours is widening. And, under the cloak of patriotism and wartime necessity, the present reactionary Congress is expected to attack the 40-hour week, the right to strike, etc. etc.—really to repeal the New Deal—not, as Raymond Gram Swing cabled from Washington, to redress wrongs, 'but to show its power'.

Gallup Polls, and Republican gains at the recent mid-term elections, are neither of them an index of how American opinion will react to this. For none of the crucial issues which will arise from this specific attack against the New Deal were at stake. The electorate, worried and wearied by the prospect of years of war, disgruntled, even alarmed, by reports of incompetence in Washington (knowing nothing of the secretly-planned North African expedition), and wanting change (a factor in U.S. elections which should not ever be overlooked), was apathetic.

But—and here is where I say the 'Bourbon Attitude' has again lifted its head in the United States—the powers of privilege, mass-industry, mass-finance, its Republican and Diehard Democratic political representatives, *have* deduced from these elections, apparently, the belief that they

can now safely return to their 1934 attitude against the New Deal. Here I wish to point out a significant and, I think, very sinister fact. It concerns the *moral character* of the Republican political 'Machine'. In the Cleveland Convention, which elected Governor Landon as the Republican nominee for the 1936 Elections, the Republican leaders, failing to find either a man or a programme capable of standing up to Roosevelt's moral challenge, adopted Roosevelt's Labour platform *in toto*, plank for plank. But Labour didn't believe them; Roosevelt was returned to office with the biggest majority ever known in American history. In 1940, with John L. Lewis himself trying to swing Labour against him, Roosevelt broke an American tradition which had existed since Washington, became the first President of the United States to be elected to a third term.

Now we know that Labour was right in not believing the Republicans' word in 1936; for the very first words in the 'victory' speech of the recently elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee were to announce his relentless determination to kill the New Deal, saying: 'I have been after that animal ever since 1932, and I hope to be in at the death in 1944.' And now, as all sage British and American observers report from Washington, we see the Republicans, abetted by the Senators and Representatives from what the London *Times* correspondent called the 'too, too Solid South', ganging up to kill the New Deal. Not only to arrest, but to reverse the moral revolution which Roosevelt had started in American life—which, we now see, has been their intention all the time. 'I have been after that animal ever since 1932 . . .'

* * *

I believe an unsentimental analysis of this prospect is very encouraging for the cause of Liberalism throughout this world—and, thereby, for what I firmly believe will be a generous and inspired post-war Anglo-American co-operation. For these reasons: (*a*) these Republican and Democratic reactionaries have again misjudged latent sentiment in the United States, deducing both an exaggerated idea of their own power—and of what the U.S. common man really wants—from the last elections; (*b*) the weapons with which they will attempt to fight the New Deal—the substitutes which they will try to force organised labour to accept in place of the legitimate trade union, and the measures which they will try to get the farmer to accept in place of the present planned and, in some cases, subsidised agriculture—will fail at the actual moment when they try to apply them.

This, I think, is the key to the whole U.S. domestic situation—and, from the eventual working out of that, to the new course of future Anglo-American relations. I will state my final conclusion at the outset: that the failure of the reactionary forces in U.S. politics to make U.S. labour and agriculture accept its *alternatives* to the New Deal will result in a moral indignation, a real revulsion (call it near-revolution if you like) which will repeat, perhaps excel, the overwhelming American insistence for a real *new deal*, such as was expressed so vehemently in the elections of 1936. It should not be missed, on this side of the water, that that *was* a confirmation, from the heart of the American people, of their belief in the new liberties which Roosevelt's New Deal was actually in the process of giving to them. For instance, in 1933, when Roosevelt's Section 7-A gave Labour the legal right to organise and bargain collectively with its employers—or to phrase it in its actual meaning to the average worker: when it placed the legal *obligation* upon any employer to deal with the delegates of a trade union, when dealing with his employees—there was not a single A.F. of L. trade union in the automotive industry of Detroit. Latest, most modern, considered the most advanced of all American industries. When I was in Detroit in the summer of 1934 (and about a dozen automotive strikes were pending) the A.F. of L. had already organised over eighty unions in that city's automobile plants alone.

And in Detroit, as well as among the steel and rubber workers, I saw, and studied—by incessant interviews with the workers themselves, the A.F. of L. organisers, and the company heads (including two one-hour interviews with Mr. Henry Ford)—just the paucity, I could easily call it the farce, of the *substitute* which Big Business, in Iron, Steel, Rubber and Motors, was trying to make the American workman accept in lieu of the legitimate trade union.

This was a thing called the Company Union. It was nothing less than a glorified English 'shop committee'. It was limited to each individual plant. It was composed partly of the workers, partly of the executives of the company. Through it, the workers were supposed to air their grievances, or express their desires. But, if a man stopped work as a protest—in other words, struck—he was no longer a member of the Company Union. The Company Union paid no strike-pay; there was nothing for the worker

and his family to live on while the industrial difference was being settled. Even more, in the Detroit automotive industry, where, owing to the American seasonal change of models, there is a seasonal lay-off of some 40 per cent of the workers, at least, for three or four months every year—a worker who *had* struck would, when the re-hiring time came along, find himself on the company's black-list. He would not get a job.

The automobile workers jeered at this farce of the Company Union. 'When is a union not a union?' was their stock joke—'When it's a Company Union!' And they were very bitter. For some of the big companies sent out postcards to their workers, asking them point blank: 'Do you or do you not agree with the Company Union's decisions in the last meeting?' 'What the hell do you think I am going to say?' more than one worker said to me: 'I'm going to say "Yes, I do agree"—for I've got a wife and kid to keep. I don't want to be told my job is gone when I come to get re-hired!' Yet it was the answers to such postcards that the employers sent to Washington—as *their* evidence that, in some cases, 90 per cent of the workers in their plants had *voted for the Company Union*.

As a matter of fact, a straight vote in any plant as to whether the workers preferred a Company Union or a legitimate A.F. of L. Union was never taken. It was never allowed to be taken. This was circumvented by a thing known as the Automobile Board, which was theoretically a standing arbitration board. Its Government-appointed head was a man with a good 'labour' record, former organiser of trade unions among the garment workers of New York City. The man representing the Detroit motor-works' owners was the vice-president of one of the biggest companies. In one or two harmless cases this vice-president 'leaned over backward', as the actual auto workers said, to give a decision, in favour of labour, which would give the Auto Board a national reputation for fairness. But, although the A.F. of L. organisers tried time and again, it was found impossible to make this Board force any automobile manufacturer to permit a straight vote in his plant between the Company Union and the A.F. of L. Union.

It was largely because of this, John L. Lewis told me over a year later, in Washington, that he organised the C.I.O. 'As it is now,' he growled, 'if we call a strike in one plant of United States Steel—why the steel companies just get together, and shift the orders of that plant between them to other plants. We face a real lockout. With the C.I.O., however, when I call a strike in U.S. Steel—*it is for all steel*. From a Polish "black labourer", with his wheelbarrow, right up to the men on the highest-paid operator in the rolling mill. The C.I.O., when we strike, won't strike by individual plants—we'll strike by industry! The whole damn thing.'

Lewis was then pro-Roosevelt, also arrogantly convinced that he was going to clinch the C.I.O. (British type of industrial union) on the United States. So violent was employers' opposition to granting this right to collective bargaining under Section 7-A—already given legally to every worker by the Government—that the president of Akron, Ohio's biggest rubber company, all of whose workers were then on strike, *for Section 7-A only*, stormed at me in his own home: 'I will move all of my plants, lock, stock, and barrel, from Akron—before I will let those workers dictate to me!'

'Yes,' grinned the A.F. of L. 'organisers', with whom I lunched next day, 'and if he doesn't "recognise" us, we're going to organise a strike in this here town which will make the world war look like a picnic!'

As we know, rubber did have to grant Section 7-A to most of its workers. So did United States Steel, in some plants. And now we see the forces marshalling to the attack; almost certainly, if they can get away with it, to take it back in the very plants in which it has been granted.

* * *

This is the future.

But here is where I say the hope for world Liberalism lies. While it may seem inconceivable, on this side of the water, to think that brainy, big American industrialists would try to fob off on their employees such a paltry, sham substitute as the Company Union—facts prove that to have been the case. It was done not only in individual plants, industries, or cities; but as an 'employers' policy' throughout the United States. The attempt to enforce it caused such a chaos in U.S. industry that it would seem certain no effort would ever be made to revive it again. But here two other things enter in. The first is the farm vote, always antagonistic to 'organised' labour in the United States. The other is the general feeling (there is no use trying to discredit its vast importance) against trade unions in general—held in the heart of the sedentary, non-factory worker American.

This latter feeling is justifiable, because many of the old A.F. of L. 'organisers' were racketeers

in the worst sense of the word. And in South Chicago and Gary, Indiana (biggest 'steel town' in the world) labour leaders were held in suspect, even feared, by the workers themselves—owing to the gunman methods and intimidation currently practised by the organisers of practically all trade unions in Chicago itself. In fact, A. F. of L. men themselves told me, on the eve of what seemed about to be a colossal strike at Gary, that the weakest point in their whole position was the common feeling among all steel workers that a labour 'organiser' was a thug.

The farm *bloc* is immensely powerful in the United States Senate. When it is functioning on some national issue, the United States could almost be said to have a Farm Party. It votes as such, by farming States—and did demonstrate this at the recent elections—voting against Roosevelters, to show its anger with Roosevelt for trying to fix a ceiling on farm prices, which he bravely did just on the eve of the elections. But we have no Labour Party—or anything like it. That is a dramatic difference between our politics and England's. When John L. Lewis, who broke with Roosevelt, and now hates him (it is about the only thing you can say for certain about John L. Lewis at the moment), tried to throw the labour vote against Roosevelt at the 1940 elections—Labour deserted Lewis. The return of Roosevelt was such a personal defeat for Lewis—once thought the outstanding Labour figure in the United States, even regarded by some as a potential Presidential candidate for that very reason—that he seems to have been bewildered by it. He lost not only his control of the C.I.O., from which he angrily withdrew with his 500,000 Mine Workers, but he seems now a man in search of a future.

This position of Lewis is, obviously, a break in the ranks of Labour. The farm *bloc*, providing the new Congress panders to them in price-control, etc.—which it will, as many of the most rabid Senators are straight farm *bloc* men—can be counted upon confidently to back the Republicans, aside from their parochial and regional tendency to do so. The excuses of wartime necessity provide popular approval, with the average American non-factory worker, for measures which could be called '100 per cent American', purporting to correct what can be dubbed Roosevelt's pandering or supine attitude toward an 'organised and subversive force' in the United States. All you have to do is to raise the cry of 'Communists!'—and a vast majority of the American voters will turn, like fish, against large bodies of workers fighting for trade unions. The American Legion (veterans of the last war) was so easily swayed by this cry of 'Down with Moscow!' that, in fighting what it thought was against Communism, it has, at some times and in many places, been as reactionary as the Ku Klux Klan in some American States. Finally—and there is nothing to be gained by trying to disregard the superficiality of the average vote—by 1944 the Democrats will have been in for twelve years. Hundreds of thousands of people, who will see no reasons why their own personal lives will be very much affected by it, may want a change.

* * *

That is the set-up. And if it were not for the arrogance, and almost certain over-use of power, of those 'Conservative' Southern Democrats and Right Wing Republicans, I would say that the future looks doubtful. England may be swinging Left, we will swing Right; there would be an immediate cleavage between us, even more apparent than that which followed the last war. But it is just this chronic stupidity of American Right Wing industrialism, and its political spokesmen, that I am counting upon. I believe the present Congress will be reactionary, that it will attack Labour, that it will attack (as far as it can) Government regulation of private enterprise, that it will NOT be able to give a satisfactory answer to the American farmers—their age-old struggle to abolish the discrepancy between low farm prices contrasted with high industrial prices—and that by the time the Presidential elections come along in 1944 these questions will have become *red-hot issues*.

Then, if I am correct in my summing up, there will be a return in the United States to the moral indignation of 1932. And nothing less than an election fought on moral issues will be the answer to it. Then, when the questions at stake are both apparent and poignant—burning issues, as we might call them—votes will be cast with venom. As they were in 1932, as they were in 1936. And all the evidence would seem to add up that they will be cast in the same direction—for a relentlessly Progressive leadership.

I believe that it is an immensely good thing, for the sake of future Anglo-American relations, that the reactionary elements in the United States have made their gains at the recent American elections. They will have to put their case to the test—before the day comes when possible Anglo-American co-operators sit down to face the post-war world at what must one day be the United National Conference Table.

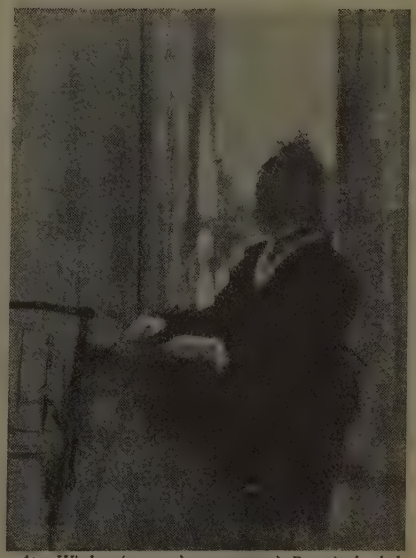
3

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

R. H. WILENSKI, Author of *Modern French Painters*

As I write, forty thousand people have just visited an exhibition of French nineteenth-century painting at the National Gallery. This was astonishing in wartime. But it would not have been astonishing in normal times, because the French Impressionists and the leaders of the Post-Impressionists have now come into their own. The status of 'Old Masters' has, in fact, devolved not only on the Impressionist leaders Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro and Sisley, but also on the pioneers of the Modern Movement, Cézanne and Seurat.

How can we account for the flowering in France of these two great original movements? The root cause, of course, must remain mysterious; because no set of conditions can guarantee the advent of great artists. But one contributing cause, I fancy, was the real freedom provided by the Third Republic. Under that liberal democracy the most varied personalities were able to reach the surface in all fields. Take the field of art alone, take only the leading artists we are here concerned with, and see how various were their origins and outlooks. Manet and Degas belonged to the well-to-do upper bourgeoisie—Manet to the world of functionaries, Degas to that of big business and banking; but their views of life were widely different; for Manet was a liberal, whilst Degas was an extreme conservative and anti-Semite. Renoir came from the artisan class; and he was never at any time interested in anything but his paintings and the quiet pleasures of his private life which helped him to produce them. Monet, son of a small provincial grocer, was a radical free-thinker and a friend of Zola and Clemenceau; Cézanne, son of a rich provincial banker (from whom he inherited a third of a million francs when he was forty-seven), was a devout Catholic who found it impossible to remain friends with Zola, and stopped painting a man's portrait when he expressed an admiration for Clemenceau. Pissarro was a Jew whose personal and artistic probity won him respect from everyone—not even excluding Degas who refused to speak to Monet because he was Dreyfusard in the *Affaire*. Seurat was the son of a minor municipal official who



At a Window (FEMME À LA FENETRE). *Portrait sketch by* DEGAS, *the famous painter of ballet dancers in training*

seems to have furnished him with money because he had only sold about three pictures when he died of a quinsy at the age of thirty-two. Sisley was a foreigner (his father was an English merchant established in France); but he was able to take his place with the others upon his merits, and he was still a British subject when he died. All these different personalities, coming from different worlds, conducting their lives on different lines, and painting pictures widely different from the pictures by the official Salon artists, were able to survive, and attract the applause they merited, under the freedom of the Third Republic; and they paid for their freedom by sending still higher the age-long cultural renown of France.

The Impressionists all began painting in the 'sixties; but they did not attract any particular attention till after the Franco-Prussian war. Then, quite early in the 'seventies, they began to win

Village Scene (L'ORMES-L'ÉGLISE) *by* COROT, *who with our English Constable was an inspiration to the first Impressionists*

Winter Landscape (PAYSAGE D'HIVER: LOUVECIENNES). PISSARRO *gives here 'the opal stillness of a village under snow'*

The Garden (SCÈNE DE JARDIN). *Unbroken sunlight on a formal garden, not portraiture, is* MONET'S *real theme*

Nini (NINI AU JARDIN). RENOIR'S *subject is dappled sunlight filtered through foliage in a tangled orchard*

the admiration of some discerning 'high-brow' critics who wrote about the First Impressionist Exhibition in 1874. For some time after this they made steady progress with dealers and collectors who yielded one by one to the radiant attractions of their pictures. But in 1877 they became the victims of political conditions. In that year a Right Wing *coup d'état* was widely expected and certain elements, doubtless hoping to curry favour with what they believed to be the coming régime, began to attack the Impressionist painters in ways since made familiar by the Nazis. At an auction of Impressionist pictures in 1877 the sale room was invaded by mysterious groups who greeted each picture with loud jeers and cat-calls; the Third Impressionist Exhibition (containing scores of pictures now in public museums, European and American) was visited by similar groups; there was a calumny campaign in certain quarters of the Press which caused dealers and collectors to unload their Impressionist pictures or conceal them in cellars; and at the beginning of 1878 things were so bad for the artists that they decided to hold no exhibition at all that year. But the expected Right Wing overthrow of the Republic did not happen. With the Liberal triumph of 1879 the Impressionists were again in conditions where they could work and exhibit freely—which was all that they required. And thereafter they won more and more admirers throughout the 'eighties and the 'nineties till they arrived at world celebrity in the Paris International Exhibition of 1900.

As we studied these paintings in the Exhibition, the character which especially impressed us all, in the midst of present conflicts, was the quiet simplicity of the artists' attitudes. Here were pictures by men concerned with nothing but their own business as artists, with nothing but the solving of the technical problem they had set themselves. That problem, mainly, was to suggest in pigment an equivalent of effects of light; and their work is infinitely varied because the problem in no two cases was identically the same. We felt this when we compared Monet's picture of what we should call the Victorian garden of a large house with Renoir's *Nini in the Garden*, showing the tangled orchard-garden of a suburban cottage. Neither artist set out to chronicle the beauty or the ugliness of the individual objects represented; neither was really concerned even to portray the specific forms of these objects; we are hard put to it to guess what flowers are growing in that dreadful circular bed in Monet's picture, or what fruit will come later in Renoir's delightful orchard; and the figures in both pictures are generalised sketches rather than detailed particular portraits. What both artists were after in their several ways was the saturation of their pictures with a certain quality of sunlight and shade. Monet solved the problem by the simplest, most elementary contrast—a foreground mass in shadow surrounded by a hard gay glare. Renoir tackled a more complex solution accepting an arabesque of light and shadow all over the orchard and boldly attempting to make his picture an equivalent affair of gold and silver flicker and mutual play of rose-reds with blues and lilacs, and of amber with a score of greens. Monet's picture is the more completely successful; but Renoir's is more admirable because the artist was attempting a much harder thing. Renoir, whom I rank as a much greater artist than Monet, advanced far beyond this orchard picture (attractive though it is) when he matured. He continually changed his technical procedures, and he was always experimenting with new tasks.

The most popular picture in the Exhibition was apparently Pissarro's *Winter Landscape, Louveciennes*. Here the problem was to imbue the picture with the opal stillness of a village covered with a foot of snow. In this picture Pissarro has not used the 'broken' touch and rainbow colouring that all the Impressionists eventually adopted. He was working more in the Corot tradition—the tradition which produced the *L'Ormes-L'Eglise*, included in this show.

Degas in one sense was never an Impressionist painter, though he helped to found the movement and exhibited often with the group. He was never attracted by the study of landscape. His main interest was in figures in action and repose; and more especially he was intrigued by occupational gestures, the contortions of dancers in training and on the stage, the movements of jockeys with their horses, the attitudes of women at their toilet and of laundresses pressing down the iron on a shirt. His aim was to make his pictures look as though the people represented did not know that they were being painted; and for this reason he was immensely interested in photography and imitated the accidental compositions with which the camera so frequently surprises the man who makes it click. He was seen in this exhibition by a 'laundress' study, a fine pastel of a woman trying to sponge her back, and the quiet and dignified portrait-sketch called *Woman at a Window*.

ASTROLOGY DISPLAYED

GEORGE EDINGER

THE second-century Roman Emperor, Septimius Severus, was, writes Gibbon, greatly addicted to 'astrology which in every age except the present has maintained its dominion over the mind of man'! From his calculated phraseology we must infer that Gibbon was either a poor observer of his age, or, more likely, that the eighteenth-century Englishman was a shrewder and a saner person than his descendant in 1943.

I suppose it is not to be wondered at that our generation, subjected to an ordeal comparable with that of the men who watched the Decline and Fall of Roman Civilisation, has given way to the same nightmare fears and fallacies. Persecution of Jews (in those days it was Christians), conjuring of spirits, casting of horoscopes, all those things were infinitely more comprehensible to the age of Septimius Severus, as to our own, than to the good sense of Georgian England.

Now astrology is the most widespread as well as potentially the most dangerous of all these resurrected characteristics in the break-up of a civilised society. So it is the most profitable to analyse and examine. And as the devotees of astrology, divided on every forthcoming event save in their certainty that there was not going to be a war, are at least united in claiming that theirs is an exact science, it is illuminating to consider the principles on which they base it.

Astrology has a peculiar jargon to make it sound abstruse.

There is no harm in that. So have Law, Medicine, Bureaucracy, Bookkeeping and the Cuisine. If a Civil Servant wrote, 'It would be a waste of time to go on asking me questions because I don't know the answers', instead of 'No useful purpose would be served by further prolonging this correspondence'; or your doctor prescribed drops of 'Castor Oil' instead of 'Ol. Ricc.', followed by sundry illegible squiggles, you would wonder why they were earning so much money.

But, deprived of its jargon, astrology is just a complex series of calculations based on the impossible supposition that the place of certain planets in the sky can influence every individual born under that particular arrangement of the heavens. It is a conceited presumption. It is so idiotic on the face of it that, from the time of Cicero, at least, intelligent beings have never ceased to laugh at people who take it seriously.

It is the more impressing as well as depressing that the fallacies so clear to Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Pliny, and Tacitus; to Chaucer and Shakespeare, Swift and La Fontaine (all these asked the obvious questions: 'If astrologers can foresee the future, why do they not arrange their own to a more profitable end?' 'If I am born on the same day in the same year as Cæsar or Adolf Hitler, why has my life turned out so differently from his?') still take in thousands of people including even professed Christians, though every Christian thinker from St. Augustine onwards has said that astrology was wicked as well as being silly.

Adepts of astrology have not been advertisements for it, not even their star turns. Severus was among the most reactionary of the Roman Emperors. He was an Oriental who started to debase the Roman Emperor from a freely chosen guide of his fellow citizens to an Eastern Despot. It was a leap, not in the dark, but into the darkness. In time it led to the collapse of Roman Civilisation. Wallenstein, the savage war-lord of seventeenth-century Germany, who anticipated Hitler's megalomania; the Führer: they were all devotees of the Star Cult.

And yet when you examine their calculations, their sheer inanity leaves you gasping.

In casting a horoscope, as they call the mapping of the heavens, with the deductions that follow the rules of their racket, there are three factors to consider: the planet that is in the particular place in the sky called 'the ascendant', the houses of Heaven, of which there are twelve, each under the aegis of some Pagan Power (long forgotten but still in the Realm of Astrology supposed to govern the lives and acts of thinking men); and the particular symbol of that section of an imaginary belt devised by the Babylonians to encircle the course of the sun round the earth. This motion has now been translated to accord with modern astronomy into the course of the earth round the sun through which our planet is moving at the time. They are called signs of

the Zodiac and have various symbols—a Crayfish, a Bull, Twins, an Archer, and so forth.

The actions and reactions of these imaginary forces on each other, nicely calculated and adjusted, are astrology. The principles that govern their workings have been blindly accepted by professed astrologers for thousands of years. None subjected them to the test of examination by common sense, still less by scientific examination. If they did, it would be the end of the oldest racket in the world.

Now it is impossible to discuss more than one in any detail. But that goes for them all. Of the three influences to be weighed in the casting of horoscopes, the ascendant planet, the house of Heaven and the dominant sign of the Zodiac, far the most important is the first. To the Babylonian Priests who started the game only five planets were known. They called them after the gods that were most important in their cosmogony. Succeeding civilisations substituted the names of the corresponding deities in their own mythology. We will label the planets according to the Latin equivalents of the Babylonian prototypes—Mars, Jupiter, Venus, and the rest.

To the Babylonians, and to us too, one large planet has always seemed reddish in hue. It was natural for them to name it after the War God (red, blood, war: all astrology is based on such association of ideas). The Roman War God was Mars, and Mars is the name by which we know this russet planet. Now, assume the astrologers, when this particular planet is in a prominent, and so dominant, place in the sky, every man, woman, dog, cat or giraffe who comes into the world will have red hair, ought to wear a red bow, is certain to be quarrelsome, will be addicted to prickly plants and should choose Tuesday for important decisions.

Why, you wonder, Tuesday? Well, in the Babylonian Astrology every day of the week was under the patronage of a particular god, and the third day belonged to the War God. In Britain, since the Anglo-Saxon Invasions, the names of the Nordic heathen deities have ousted the Latin ones in most, though not all, cases. The Norse Tew has replaced the Roman Mars; though in France, Italy and Spain it is favourable to all born under his planet.

Similarly, the indeterminate character of the planet Mercury, whose fluid tint of shading has given an alternative name to Quicksilver, makes those born while he is in the ascendant unaccountable in their mood, in fact 'mercurial'. The words 'jovial' and 'saturnine', one derived from the associations of the King of Gods, who gives his name to the greatest of the planets, and the other called after the sombre hue of another heavenly body, show the influence that they ought to exert. Sometimes deductions of astrologers go back to a chance similarity between two words, words that mean different things.

One sign of the Zodiac was called by the Babylonians 'the Crayfish'—from these denizens of the Euphrates which formed so vital an element in the diet of the Chaldees. Duly, the Romans applied to it the name of 'crayfish' in their own tongue—'Cancer'—which happens also to be the name of a painful and generally fatal disease. So now everybody born when the earth spins through that section of its mythical girdle dominated in Chaldean mythology by the 'crayfish' is said to be susceptible to cancer.

And yet it is not hard to see that this rubbish was once a not ignoble lore. To the shepherd and the husbandman living in hither Asia 600 years ago it seemed plausible that the flaming and mysterious bodies above him should mould his daily destiny. To him they were the symbols and emanations of his gods, if not gods themselves. It was profitable to his priests, who knew enough astronomy to forecast the movements of the heavenly bodies, to keep up the delusion. Besides, it was not entirely delusory. When the sun shone clearly, the fruits ripened. When there was a halo round the moon, the rains fell. Why then, if the moon could foretell a flood, should it not foretell a war? And what more natural than that the symbols in the skies, whence came the wind and rain and warmth and light that governed the livelihood of man, should write his destiny clear in the heavens?

But when Christianity taught man that there were not as many gods as there were stars, that the heavenly bodies could not therefore be so many deities, the basis of astrology was shaken. When Science, through Sir Isaac Newton, went on to show him that the planets and stars were nothing more spiritual and mysterious than 'material bodies monstrous hot', they were shattered. Today they have no justification. On the contrary, a belief that must logically discourage all effort to shape our own destinies is definitely unethical and anti-Christian.

So perhaps, of all the evil destinies that threaten us, the most pernicious is that which would have us contest the great truth voiced by William Shakespeare:

> '*The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our Stars*
> *But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*'

PYTHAGORAS AND MODERN FREEMASONRY

PRINCE MATILA GHYKA

Free Roumanian Diplomat

Bane of budding mathematicians. But one of the world's greatest philosophers

A FEW days after the attack launched by Fascist Italy against Greece, there appeared in the British Press an appeal addressed to the mathematicians of the whole world asking them to give their support to the cause of modern Hellas; this appeal was made 'in the name of Pythagoras and in memory of the services which this illustrious representative of the Greek race had rendered to the development of human thought.'

The man in the street, knowing about Pythagoras only the ill-reputed theorem called 'The Asses' Bridge', ignores, perhaps, that this philosopher, contemporary of the Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Lao-Tzeu, had indeed in the shaping of Western thought and civilisation an influence as great as that of those four illustrious teachers on the ideals of the Asiatic world.

One can, to begin with, state that in their great lines Greek Philosophy, Mathematics and Aesthetics are descended from Pythagorean theories,[1] specially when one considers the synthesis of these three realms of the mind as realised in Plato's Philosophy and Aesthetics; it is under the influence of this most famous amongst the spiritual heirs of Pythagoras, and as a result of his geometrical conception of the Cosmos (theory of Proportions, of Rhythm, of Harmony, as general types of thought), that for more than two thousand years European thinkers, engineers and architects, as Plato's God himself, the 'Great Regulating One' of Pythagoras, have 'geometrised'. From Pythagorean conceptions are derived, amongst other branches of Art, the evolution of European music (with the diatonic scale as its springboard), the 'eurhythmic' conception of Greek and Gothic architecture (*esoteric* transmission of proportion diagrams by families of architects and Builders' Corporations) and, after that, of the architecture of the First Renaissance, directly inspired by Plato's Aesthetics, rediscovered and brought to light by Luca Pacioli, Alberti and Leonardo, and by the Platonician academies of the second half of the fifteenth century.

Pythagorean symbolism and Number Mysticism as expounded by the Master have also been transmitted without any interruption by ways parallel to these but less explored; their study, in spite of their *prima facie* suspicious character, is nearly as important for the understanding of Western thought formation: we are referring to Hebrew Cabbala, Hermetism, Alexandrine Gnosis and Medieval Magics, with their final efflorescence in the speculations of Alchemists, the systems of Rosicrucians and Pansophists, etc. Science and Mysticism are here generally fused, as in the works of Agrippa of Nettesheim, Cardan and Paracelsus. The discovery of Kepler's Laws concerning the motion of the planets followed his working out of purely Pythagorean ideas on the 'Music of the Spheres', and on the rhythms and proportions linking with each other the five regular (or platonic) solids;[2] and Descartes, whose new 'analytic geometry' made possible the complete fusion of Geometry and Algebra (already attained by the Pythagorean mathematicians in their manipulation of 'figured numbers' and their 'gnomonic growth') left a treaty on 'Polyhedral Numbers' which is in the direct line of that all-too-much forgotten section of Greek Mathematical research.

Finally, perpetuating what we might call the 'Pythagorean ritual' (that of the half-legendary Society founded by Pythagoras in Magna Graecia, the rites of which were related to those

[1] The word Philosophy itself is attributed to Pythagoras, as also the designation of Cosmos for the well-ordered Universe.

[2] Specially the 'golden section' or 'divine proportion' of Luca Pacioli, 'one of the two jewels of Mathematics', says Kepler (the other being the classical theorem of Pythagoras on the square of the hypotenuse).

of the mysteries of Egypt and Eleusis), we have the line of transmission: Corporations (*Collegia*) of builders and masons in antiquity, with their initiatic traditions (related to those of the parallel religious 'sodalities'), the existence of which is not interrupted by the invasions of the Barbarians; they continued to operate in Byzantium on one side, in Italy and Southern Gaul on the other. These 'Collegia' are linked without any gap to the builders' workshops of the great monastic orders (Benedictines specially), then to the lay Stonecutters and Masons' Guilds of the Middle Ages, with their still secret rites, their signs, passwords and masons' marks, and their privileges of 'Free' Masons, culminating in the great ordered body of the 'Bauhütte' of the Holy Roman Empire.

This 'operative' masonry, using a half-pagan, half-Christian ceremonial, claiming as patrons Adon-Hiram, Pythagoras and the 'Quatuor Coronati' (four master masons martyrised under Diocletian), kept and handed over from one master architect to another the secrets of antique co-ordinating diagrams 'by the circle, the square and the triangle'; it gradually lost its creative monopoly in the architectural activity of the medieval world under the impact of the Reformation, and owing to the spreading of some of its jealously guarded geometrical secrets by the humanist and platonising mathematicians, architects, painters, of the Renaissance (Pacioli, Alberti, Piero della Francesca, etc.). But its antique and complicated ritual was taken up by the scientists and philosophers of the seventeenth century received as 'patrons' in the last operative lodges, and whose curiosity was equally stimulated by the royal avenues of platonic archetypes and by the golden clouds of rosicrucian dreams.

The suggestive power of these symbols and rites is such that the next generation of scientists, humanists, philosophical reformers, when it established in London at the beginning of the eighteenth century the first lodge of the new 'speculative' Free Masonry, adopted them almost without any alteration, including the old secret sign of the Pythagorician Fraternity; the pentagram, which had also been the symbol of the Microcosm (Man as correlated to the harmony of the Universe), the Key diagram of gothic plans, the *pentalpha*, of the magicians, is still today the 'Flaming Star' of Masonic Lodges throughout the world.

Pythagoras was born in Samos between 580 and 570 B.C., and returned to that island after long years of travel. He left Samos because of Polycrates' tyranny and arrived in Sicily about 529 B.C. His philosophical and mathematical teaching had such a success that his disciples, grouped into a fraternity with special rites of initiation, took over political power in Magna Græcia (Crotoniate League), including Sicily. The Master died about 500 B.C., but the Pythagorean supremacy in Sicily and Calabria lasted till *circa* 450 B.C.; about this date popular uprisings successively detached the vassal cities from the Crotoniate League, and the leading members of the sect, besieged by the mob in Metapontum, perished, nearly all, in a gigantic fire. Amongst the very small number of those who escaped are quoted Philolaos of Crotona (who was accused of having sold to Dionysius the Elder, Tyrant of Syracuse, secret books containing the teaching of the Fraternity, books which, according to Diogenes Laërtius, Plato acquired later on) and Lysis, who settled in Thebæ with Epaminondas' family.

Archytas of Tarentum, pupil of Philolaos, and one of the great mathematicians of antiquity, succeeded in re-establishing a prosperous Pythagorean State; he was Regent of Tarentum and seven times generalissimo. Plato became his friend during his first trip to Magna Græcia (388–387 B.C.), and one can admit with Diogenes Laërtius that he owes to Archytas his initiation to the Pythagorean inner teachings.

These teachings and the connected rites continued to be handed on esoterically by small nuclei in Magna Græcia and also Greece proper. But it is in Alexandria, about the end of the second century B.C., that was to grow and flourish again the doctrine which, as *Neo-Pythagorism*, played such a part in the capital of the Roman Empire as well as in Egypt and Syria.

The foundation-stone of Pythagorean thought is the formula: 'Everything is arranged according to Number', attributed to Pythagoras himself, and found in the *Hieros Logos* or sacred speech containing the Master's teachings, which was probably compiled immediately after his death by one of his disciples.

Plato took up again this conception of Number as characterising the framework of the Universe ('Numbers are the highest degree of knowledge' and 'Number is Knowledge itself'—those two statements in *Epinomis*). The Numbers referred to here are the 'Divine' or Archetypal Numbers, the definitions of which by Nicomachus of Gerasa are strangely similar to modern ideas (Whitehead's and Bertrand Russell's conception of the number as class of classes); let us remember, too,

that in ancient Greek the same word meant *Number* and *Rhythm* (Arithmos): it is in agreement with this double concept that one of Pythagoras' biographers says that the Master 'placed supreme happiness (literally "the eudaïmonia of the soul") in the contemplation of the harmony (literally "of the perfection") of the Numbers of the Universe.'

The mathematical theory of Music, based on the study of the proportions between the lengths of vibrating strings (inversely proportional to the numbers of vibrations per second) as also a 'symphonic' conception of the Arts in general derived from musical analogies, plays a capital part in the theory of knowledge and the ethics of the Pythagorean School; Plato specifies clearly in the *Timæus* (the most Pythagorean of his dialogues) the synchronism between the rhythms of the well-propertied soul and those of the Universal Soul, and in a mathematical puzzle deciphered only about the middle of the nineteenth century, he establishes even a 'cosmic scale' with 35 tones, permitting to discern and follow the 'Number' or Rhythm of this Universal Soul.

The invention of the diatonic scale (of its mathematical theory based on a progression of fifths and the reduction of its terms inside the initial octave) is attributed to Pythagoras himself, and the most famous numerical symbol of the Fraternity is the *Tetractys* or combination of the first four numbers (sometimes figured as points, juxtaposed in a triangle) viewed as growing from the monad ($1+2+3+4=10$, that is Ten or the *Decad*), on which the Pythagoreans took the oath of initiation, oath not to reveal the ritual of the Order nor its mathematical secrets. The tetractys enabled one to establish the principal intervals of a tetrachord lyra ($\frac{2}{1}$ or $\frac{4}{2}$, the octave, $\frac{3}{2}$ the fifth, $\frac{4}{3}$ the fourth) and led up to the numerical or punctual representation of the *Decad* or archetype of the number *Ten*, this latter being also the arithmetical condensation of the harmony of the Cosmos as related to the proportion 'theme' of the decagon, pentagon and dodecahedron (the fifth regular body with 12 pentagonal faces). In the passage of the *Timæus*, where Plato states the affinities between the five regular solids (also named the 'platonic solids') and the elements of the World, it is to the principle of harmony in the Cosmos that he correlates the dodecahedron; this body in space, like the pentagon and the decagon in the plane, has, in fact, as leading 'theme' the famous 'divine proportion' of the golden section, the one extolled by Pacioli, Leonardo and Kepler.

The construction of a pentagon with a given side and the inscription of the dodecahedron in a sphere, both based on the construction of the golden section, were precisely two of the mathematical secrets of the Pythagorean Order, the divulgation of which Hippocrates of Chios and respectively Hippasos of Metapontum brought about their excommunication by the Fraternity.

We know through Lucian (*pro lapsu*) that the pentagram (geometrical symbol of the golden section) was the badge and secret sign by which the Pythagorician brothers recognised each other; it was to them the symbol of health, harmony and love, and for the Magicians and Alchemists of medieval times the emblem of the *Microcosmos* or Man, viewed as analogical reflection of the properties of the *Macrocosmos* or Universe, the numerical symbol of which was the *Decad*.

The works of Lund, Hambidge, and Moessel, published in the course of the last twenty-five years, seem to establish that the pentagram and the two decagons (star—and regular decagon) inscribed in the circle of orientation of an important building, gave to the Greek architects, and later to the Gothic Master Builders, their 'symphonic' ordering diagrams in conformity with the statements of Vitruvius about the analogic correlations which must exist between the Temple and the Universe on one side, between Man and the Temple on the other.

This musical and 'analogical' conception of Art and Thought in general, itself fostered by the broadened concepts of Proportion and Rhythm, has thus, as already stated, given throughout the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and beyond, a characteristic turn to European Aesthetics and Philosophy. The ratio or quantitative comparison of two measurable values is indeed the projection in the mathematical plane of the elementary operation of judgment, true perception of the relations between things or ideas—in the same way as the comparison of two ratios and the perception of their equivalence or *analogy* (an already more complex operation of intelligence which correlates several elementary perceptions or judgments) has as projection in the same plane the geometrical proportion (a is to b as c is to d); knowledge becomes thus a linking of proportions or analogies, intelligence becomes the harmonising faculty, *is* harmony itself.

This harmonic, symphonic, view of Art and

Life was still part of the æsthetic and ethical system of the Elizabethan poets:

'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings . . .
Such harmony is in immortal souls . . .'

And (Shakespeare)

. . . 'his voice was propertied
As all the tunèd spheres . . .' (Id.)

Also:

'Ah, Beauty! Syren, fair enchanting Good, . . .
Still Harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a Brow; . . .'
(S. Daniel)

Baudelaire illustrates this conception in his famous sonnet 'Correspondances'; but the typical Pythagorean poet has been Mallarmé.

Let us return to Pythagoras and the Fraternity founded by him in Magna Græcia; the curiosity generated less than a century after his death by everything attached to his life and work, and which impelled in the fourth century B.C. scholars like Aristoxenos of Tarentum and Timæus of Tauromenium to investigate the files, and collect the traditions of the Fraternity in Sicily and Calabria, makes it possible to approximately reconstitute its rules. The Order, whose members put their possessions in common, was composed of three categories of members: the novices or 'politics' (exoteric stage), the 'nomothets' (first degree of initiation), active philosophers who directed the social and political work of the Society by instructions given to the novices (simple executive and 'liaison' agents), and lastly, the 'Mathematicians', who had been through the complete initiation, including of course the 'Laws of Numbers'. Silence, music, certain incenses, physical and moral purifications (rigid cleanliness, pure linen clothes, daily self-examinations), a mild asceticism, played their part in the discipline of this community which, through the *Therapeutae* of Alexandrine Egypt, became a model for the contemplative monastic orders as well as for the militant ones (Jesuits, Rules of St. Ignatius) of the Christian Church[1], and for the most famous of modern secret societies.

We have already stated that Plato was initiated into the Pythagorean doctrine; he has been (in the *Timaeus* for its mathematical and musical side, in the *Banquet* for its conception of Love), after the Master of Samos himself, its most illustrious exponent. The evidence for his initiation is found not only in his most beautiful dialogues, but also in Plato's seventh letter, one of the most important records of human thought, confession, autobiography, testament of a 'superman' or 'Daimon' if ever there was one, of the most complete embodiment of Western or European genius. The letter, addressed to the heirs of his friend Dion of Syracuse, throws light on his relationship with Archytas, the Pythagorician Regent of Tarentum (who shares with him and Dion the knowledge of a secret philosophy), and on the part played by Archytas in the dramatic triangle Plato, Dionysius the Younger, Tyrant of Syracuse, and his uncle Dion. Their 'friends and brothers in philosophy' are also mentioned, and about the doctrine itself we will quote these significant lines:

'To the one who has once understood this teaching, there is no danger that he should ever forget it; and it is resumed anyhow in a few very short formulæ. . . . Very few men alive have knowledge of the doctrine.'

This sentence reminds one inevitably of the few verses, dense in meaning, of the *Hieros Logos* which have reached us, of the 'passwords' on the golden leaves found in the Pythagorician tombs at Thurium, of the mathematical condensations—tetractys Decad, Pentad—and of their geometrical symbols, of the beautiful images-formulæ (Pythagorean also), short metaphors scattered by Plato in his works, like gems, or beacons which, above the flow of centuries, throw up their steady lights: the body a tomb, death the true birth, the cavern and the shadows, the song of the cosmic sirens . . .

Legend took possession of Pythagoras as soon as he was dead and made of him a demi-god, then an incarnation of the hyperborean Apollo; the first detailed biographies of the Samian Philosopher, like the one written by Heraclides of Pont, have reached us only in fragmentary quotations *via* Jamblichus and Diogenes Laërtius, and it is very difficult to sort out truth and myth. Pythagoras, still adolescent, is reported to have won the much-coveted Olympic laurels in the pugilistic contest of the 48th Olympiad; if his initiation to the Egyptian Mysteries at Memphis or Heliopolis is more than probable, his retreat in Phœnicia (Mount Carmel), his years with the Chaldean Magi, cannot be historically proved. But owing

[1] In order not to transgress the limits of this article, we will only mention the thesis of M. Isidore Levy concerning the paramount influence (the one distinct from hebraïc tradition) which the neo-pythagorean ideas, favoured in the Alexandrine world, specially amongst the Jewish *intelligentsia* of Egypt and Palestine, had on the teachings of Our Lord, principally on the Christian conception of charity and love.

to Plato, the influence of his teaching has, as afore-stated, guided the entire evolution of European thought; it can truly be said that not only Pure Science (including Astronomy) and Æesthetics, but also modern Technology—the engineer's point of view which has, up to now, been the distinctive monopoly of the White Race —are also the progeny of Greek Mathematics; and Euclid's Geometry is only the codification of the findings of the Pythagorean School, in particular by the line Philolaos, Archytas, Plato, Speusippos, Eudoxus.

Bertrand Russell has written that 'the most remarkable thing about Modern Science is its return to Pythagorism.' The famous theorem of Pythagoras already mentioned appears, in its generalised form for four-dimensional space-time, in the Einstein-Weyl theory of Relativity; the idea that the structure of physical phenomena gives us the *invariants,* the only permanent realities which shine on the illusory tapestry of pseudo-substance, was at the very root of Pythagorean Philosophy.

In order to illustrate this, we will quote a few extracts out of the only treatise of Pythagorean 'Theory of Numbers' which has reached us, the one written by the Neo-Pythagorician Nicomachus of Gerasa, who lived in the first century of our era:

'The principles and roots of Number and of all other things are the *Same* and the *Other* (or the quality "to be the same thing" or "to be another thing"—elliptical formula which sums up the Principles of Identity and of Duality, or Non-Identity, and which we find also in Plato's *Timæus*).

'The Ancients who under Pythagoras' spiritual leadership were the first to give to Science a systematic shape, have defined Philosophy as the love of Knowledge.... Incorporeal things—like qualities, configurations, equality . . . relations, arrangements . . . situation in space, in time . . .— are in their essence immutable and unchangeable, but may accidentally share in the fluctuations of the bodies to which they are correlated. And if accidentally knowledge is also dealing with bodies—material scaffoldings of incorporeal things—it is nevertheless the latter (incorporeal things) that it specially investigates. Because these immaterial, eternal things are the true reality; but the things which are liable to formation and destruction . . . (matter, material bodies) are not actually real in their essence.' This might be signed Bertrand Russell, Louis de Broglie or Eddington.

'Everything which Nature has systematically arranged in the Universe seems, in its component parts and as a whole, to have been determined and ordered in agreement with Number, by the foresight and thought of The One Who created all things; because the model was fixed, like a preliminary sketch, by the dominancy of Number pre-existent in the spirit of the God Creator of the World, Number-Idea purely immaterial from every point of view, but at the same time the true and eternal essence, so that in agreement with Number, and as conforming to an artistic plan, all these things were created, and also Time, Motion, the skies and stars, and the cyclical laws of all things.'

These beautiful definitions of Pure or *Divine* Number, and of Cosmic Rhythms considered as numbers, have the bronze overtones of the *Hieros Logos,* but equally would not be out of place in a treatise of modern *Logistics.*

This is how Nicomachus introduces the Decad and the relations between the symmetry or 'theme' of the archetypal *Ten* and the harmony of the Cosmos:

'But as the Whole was an illimited multitude . . . an Order was necessary . . . and it was in the Decad that a natural balance between the whole and its elements was found to pre-exist.... That is why the All-Ordering God (literally: "the God arranging with art") acting in accordance with his Reason, made use of the Decad as a canon (a rule) for the Whole . . . and this is why the things from Earth to Heaven have for the wholes as well as for their parts their ratios of concord based upon the Decad and are ordered accordingly.' A paraphrase, in a more general frame, of Vitruvius' hints on architectural eurhythmy (Vitruvius insists also on the perfection of the number 10). Nicomachus underlines further:

'It is the number 10 which, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, is the most perfect of possible numbers.... It is in agreement with this idea that we note ten types of relations and of categories, and that even the divisions and shapes of our hands and feet are established, and innumerable other things which we will note in their time.'

All this is extracted from the *Isagogon* or 'Introduction to Arithmetic' of Nicomachus; here is a sentence of his *Theologumena* in which he explains why he sometimes calls the Decad the *Whole:*

'. . . Because it (the Decad) was used as a measure for the Whole, as a set square and a cord in the hand of the One who regulates all things.'

Neo-Pythagorism reached its zenith during the brilliant Alexandrine period; from Egypt it

conquered Republican Rome, whose aristocracy had been attracted by the smiling stoicism, the austere delicacy still found in the Pythagorean lodges persisting in Calabria.[1] The *gens* Æmilia claimed to have as its ancestor Mamercos, son of Pythagoras; the famous censor of 312 B.C., Appius Claudius, was a Pythagorician adept. We know from Plinius the Elder that between 298 and 290 B.C. a statue of Pythagoras was erected in the Forum in deference to an oracle of the Pythia, as to 'the wisest of all the Greeks', and Cato the Censor, who in 209 had been at Tarentum the guest of the Pythagorician Nearchus, is classified by Cicero as a member of the sect (*De Sen*). Cicero himself went to Metapontum to collect the traditions concerning the Crotoniate State; he attributes to Pythagoras the 'sublime truth of the immortality of the souls', calls very aptly Plato the spiritual heir of the Master (*De Republica*) and recalls the tradition according to which Plato is supposed to have bought, in Sicily, the sacred books of the Order.

It is precisely at the time of Cicero (who mentions also the Pythagorean idea of the Panpsyche or Universal Soul brought out again by Plato) that the Roman ruling classes are swept by a powerful wave of Neo-Pythagorism; Varro, the most famous scholar of the period, was a Pythagorician adept and asked that his body should be laid in accordance with the Order's rites on a bed of myrtle, olive and black poplar leaves; another friend of Cicero, P. Nigidius Figulus, Senator, Astronomer, Mathematician, Prophet, 'Magus', was the Grand Master of the most important Pythagorician lodge in Rome. Moderatus of Gades teaches the Pythagorean doctrine under Nero; Seneca confesses that Sotion taught him to love Pythagoras.

In 1917, the collapse of a portion of the railway track near the Porta Maggiore in Rome brought to daylight a crypt of beautiful proportions, decorated with delicate stucco medallions, which, when cleared, enabled the archæologists Cumont and Carcopino to prove that this underground temple was a meeting-place or lodge of members of the sect, or 'grotto of Pythagoras', established on the lands of the *gens* Statilia; its head at the time of the Emperor Claudius is quoted by Tacitus as 'Magus' and 'Mathematician' (and, as such, distasteful to the Emperor who, like Cæsar, hated all secret societies).

We have already stated that the Hebraic Cabbala borrowed its Number Mysticism from Alexandrine Pythagorism; Hermetism and its medieval offspring, Magicians, Alchemists, Rosicrucians, borrow from it the Principle of Analogy and Correspondence (Macrocosmos—Microcosmos) and the old pentagram (symbol of harmony, health, and procreative power), the talisman used as 'pentacle' by Agrippa of Nettesheim and John Dee, the one which in Goethe's *Faust* stops Mephistopheles (picaresque avatar of Hermes Trismegistes) on the doorstep of the philosopher's study.

The same pentagram is found in the roses of Gothic cathedrals (Amiens, Sainte-Chapelle) and, as we have already stated, in their plans; it is transmitted, together with a mysterious ritual inherited through the antique builders corporations (*Collegia*), from the initiatic rites of Egypt and Eleusis, and from the correlated ones of the Pythagorean Fraternity.

We have not the space to detail even summarily this continuous filiation which links antique 'Collegia' and 'Sodalitates' to be Masons Guilds of the Middle-Ages, and these to 'speculative' Freemasonry; let us only mention that the Cooke Manuscript in the British Museum, one of the earliest documents (copy made about 1430–40 from a fourteenth century manuscript) dealing with the English Guilds of 'operative' Masons, after having underlined the importance of Geometry as the Principle of all other sciences and the importance of Masonry which is its direct application, narrates how Pythagoras found one of the two columns on which the three brothers Jabal, Jubal and Tubalcaïn had, after the Flood, engraved the principles of these two sciences (the other column was found by Hermes). The Pentagram is still in our days the principal geometrical symbol (The 'Flaming Star') in the temples, on the deeds, of the 'speculative' Masonic Lodges placed under the patronage of the 'Great Architect of the Universe', the 'All-Regulating One' mentioned by Nicomachus of Gerasa.

But what perhaps few Free Masons have realised, is that the letter G placed in the centre of their pentagram is not the first letter of the word *Geometry*, but the transcription of the Hebraïc G or *Iod*, equivalent in numerical transposition to the number 10: the sacred *Decad* of the Pythagoreans, that one which, according to Nicomachus, the All-Regulating God used 'as a canon for the Whole'.

[1] For the same reasons that the aesthetical stoïcism of the *Zen* sect in Japan attracted the *Samourai* class. The aspect of the Zen ideal which strives to tune in the rhythm of the individual soul to the Rhythm of the Universe has a distinctly Pythagorean flavour (like the Cosmos of Pythagoras, the Zen Universe is well-ordered, can be perceived as a symphony).

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE UNITED NATIONS

PHILIP CARR

It was only recently that the peoples of South America suddenly woke up to the recognition that the war is really likely to come home to them.

It was not regarded as a matter in which they were ever likely to be involved, and they remained free to accord their purely moral sympathies to the side to which they were attracted by sentiment, admiration, cultural affinity or business connections.

Moreover, even these sympathies were confined to the very limited number of persons who are sufficiently educated to hold any views at all. The great mass of the people in South America are so poor and so ignorant that they are never likely even to be conscious of the war until it reaches their very doors; and although the drop in exports which the war has brought about affects the employment of some of them, they are so used to losing or even deliberately abandoning their employment, and can live so easily and on so little without being employed, that they hardly notice economic changes. In Europe and the United States, public opinion and the influence of the Press upon public opinion mean one thing. In a country where hardly more than twenty per cent of the population can read, they must obviously mean quite another.

In speaking of the opinions of the peoples of South America, it must therefore be understood that I am referring only to a very limited class of townsmen.

The sympathies of many of these have, naturally enough, been guided by their pockets. The countries of South America depend more for their livelihood upon the export of raw materials, and particularly of foodstuffs, than any other great producing area of the world, with the exception of the combined areas of the British Dominions. No less than one seventh of the national incomes of the South American States is derived from raw material exports.

Before the war, the two chief exporting countries of South America, and also the two largest, richest and most populous countries,

Indian girl from 'de la Sierra'

were Argentina—far and away the first in exports—and Brazil. Two-thirds of the Argentine's wheat and meat went to Europe—more than half of this to enemy countries and less than half to Great Britain—while less than a twelfth went to the U.S.A. Hence a certain lack of Argentine sympathy for the U.S.A., a strong streak of sympathy for Germany, but a still stronger streak—for it is supported by a cultural as well as a business affinity—for Great Britain. Nearly half of Brazil's combined exports of coffee, cotton and cocoa went to enemy countries, but by far the greater part of her coffee went to the U.S.A., and although her exports to Great Britain had diminished, war conditions have enabled her to increase them by a new and profitable trade in meat. Hence a streak of sympathy for Germany, but two much stronger ones for Great Britain and the U.S.A.

These facts may help to explain why the Pan-American idea has been far more strongly

Dr. Alberto Guani, Uruguayan Foreign Minister. His pro-Ally policy has influenced all Latin America

promoted by the Brazilian Government and Press than by Argentina.

However, considerations of business interest have not been the only ones which have affected the sympathies of the South American nations. In Uruguay, for instance, nearly half as much again of her wool and meat went to Germany as that which went to England, and yet no one who has lived in that country has failed to be impressed by its entire lack of interest in, and even its active dislike of, Nazism and Fascism as political ideals. Indeed, the constant enthusiasm for the Allied cause which has been shown by Uruguay, and its statesmanlike expression by the Uruguayan Foreign Minister, Señor Guani, have been one of the strongest influences in turning the scale in other South American Governments towards the Allies.

It is, indeed, in favour of the United Nations in general rather than in favour of the United States in particular that South American opinion as a whole may be said to have decided. Pan-Americanism is a delicate plant in the Southern Hemisphere, and will require a lot more careful nursing before it will grow. Not only are the South American peoples not yet quite convinced of the disinterested motives of the United States, but they have by no means got over their suspicions and jealousies of each other.

In Brazil cultural affinity played an important part in determining sympathy for the Allies during the early months of the war. That cultural affinity was with France. Nearly every well-educated Brazilian woman has been brought up in one or other of the many French convents in Rio or São Paulo, and most well-educated Brazilian men speak French. The richer ones have nearly all spent a year or more in Paris.

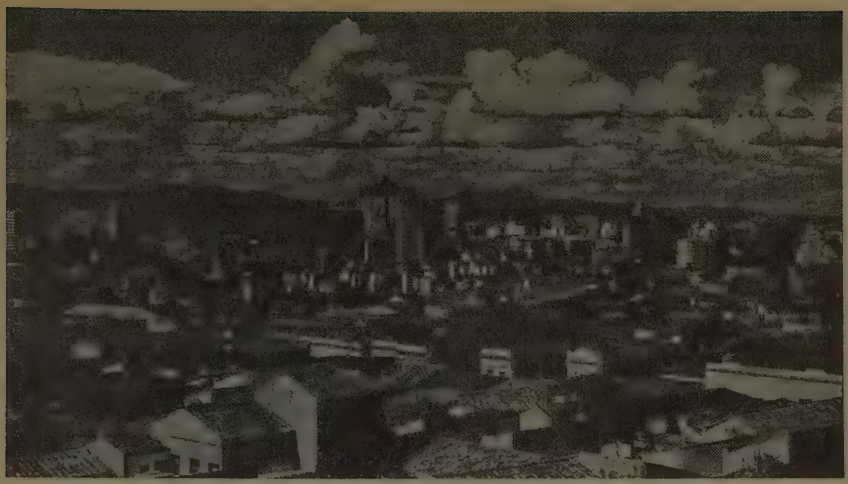
When France collapsed Brazilians of this class were lost; but their admiration for the heroic resistance of the people of England, and especially of London, under bombardment, gave them a new object for their affections: and there can be no doubt that regard for England is now greater than it has been for generations. More and more people are learning English. There is a new interest in English literature.

Then came the Japanese attack upon the United States, and the atmosphere changed in a night. The detached sympathy at once became co-operation and shoulder to shoulder resistance.

Now here is what I consider to be a very significant and very interesting psychological fact. What has solidified Brazilian public opinion is that very Fifth Column which the Axis Powers no doubt thought would be so useful to them. It is this interference with their own lives which has brought the danger home to the Brazilians, has convinced them that tomorrow the war might be on their own doorstep, and has urged them to take action while there is still time.

I do not say that Brazilian opinion has always been ready to react in the way it did. The careful neutrality which the Brazilian Government observed until recently probably represented what those who are responsible for most of Brazilian opinion were thinking and were wanting. The personal connections which various leading members of the Brazilian Government and Army had established and maintained with Germany and Italy might perhaps have borne other fruits if things had gone better for the Germans in Russia and if the United States had not come into the war against Germany. These people no doubt felt at the beginning that Brazil had to be prepared for developments in either direction.

I do not say that it was always certain that the Brazilian Government would come down on the side of the fence on which it now is. What I do say is that the ordinary middle class man in Rio or São Paulo is very much fortified in supporting the decision of his Government, now that he has learned that a German long-distance wireless transmitting set was sending messages to Berlin from a place so near to himself as a Rio



City of São Paulo, capital of the Brazilian State of the same name. The Paullista coffee men ruled Brazil till supplanted by Vargas in 1930

apartment, and now that all sorts of other Fifth Column activities, which were working under his nose, have been laid bare. He has reacted against the Fifth Column, instead of being frightened by it.

Of course there has been a Fifth Column in Brazil. Brazil has a population of nearly 43,000,000, of which nearly 900,000 are Germans or of recent German origin, as many as 2,500,000 more or less recent Italians, and perhaps 200,000 Japanese.

The Italians have largely been assimilated, and although they included many declared sympathisers with Fascism, their secret and subversive preparations have probably never amounted to very much. The Germans have organised themselves almost openly—and no doubt secretly as well—into Nazi groups, perhaps armed, and have presented a danger chiefly in the two southernmost States—Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul—where their chief numerical strength lies. As for the Japanese, nobody knows what they have been doing; and the mere fact that nearly all of them are engaged in small agriculture and none in industry, whereas the Italians and the Germans have considerable industrial interests, might make them hesitate less to destroy industrial plants and the water power which feeds them.

Moreover, there are certain particular reasons why the ordinary Brazilian resents the discovery that the Japanese are conspiring against him in his own country more than he resents the similar activities of the Germans and Italians. He had come to regard the latter as more or less to be expected. Besides, the Germans, although they have not integrated themselves into Brazilian life, as have the Italians, do mix with the people and hold converse with them. There are points of contact.

The Japanese, on the contrary, are in little groups everywhere, and these groups keep mysteriously to themselves. They live in the country districts even more than in the towns, and in the towns they are to be found in the working-class suburbs, where they cultivate their little vegetable gardens and take their produce to market. When it was found that they were engaged in espionage, and were probably preparing sabotage, everyone was immediately quite ready to believe it. From being ready to believe it about the Japanese, everyone was inclined to believe it about the Germans also, and even about the Italians.

Therefore opinion has been quite in accord with the measures which the Government, since it abandoned its neutrality and severed diplomatic relations with the Axis Powers, has been taking to suppress Fifth Column machinations.

These measures have been numerous. In the first place certain anti-Axis films such as *Pastor Hall* and *The Dictator*, whose showing was not allowed when Brazil was strictly neutral, are now permitted.

A few months ago the Brazilian Government tolerated the publication of markedly pro-Axis newspapers, printed in German and Italian. A step towards discouraging them was taken when it was decreed that newspapers must in future appear in the Portuguese language only—which

Cattle in Rio Grande do Sul. Vargas and the 'Gauchos' of this cattle State now rule Brazil

incidentally killed the two or three papers printed in English. The expression of pro-Axis opinion was, however, still allowed. Now these pro-Axis papers have been suppressed altogether.

The next move was to wind up all the German and Italian Clubs and Associations.

Finally, severe restrictions upon the movement of all Axis subjects, as well as upon their financial transactions, have been imposed. In the case of the Japanese, an additional means of dislocating whatever secret organisation may exist among them has been adopted. This is to oblige some of them to change their place of residence.

The evolution in public opinion about all these matters has been reflected in the behaviour of certain Axis subjects themselves. A large shop in São Paulo which was called Casa Alemã ('The German House') has changed its name. On the other hand quite a number of Brazilians of Italian origin, who were, until only quite recently, quite open in their loudly expressed sympathy for the Fascist cause, have now been telling their British acquaintances that perhaps Italy had been mistaken in abandoning her traditional friendships, and would do well to return to them.

The Brazilian town dweller is having the war brought home to him by minor inconveniences. Gas consumers have been warned that the lack of sea transport for coal will lead to the supply being certainly reduced, and may lead to its being suppressed; and there is beginning to be a shortage in the shops of certain articles which had previously been imported, though there are no restrictions in the ordinary supplies of daily life, nor even in its amenities.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good; and the restriction of imports resulting from war conditions has led to a boom in industrial activity. São Paulo is the chief industrial centre of South America—which must not be taken to mean that Brazil is an industrial country. What is happening now is that São Paulo factories are now making, not only for the home market, but also for export to other South American countries, notably Argentina, who are deprived of British and even United States imports by lack of shipping. As São Paulo's industry depends for power upon locally and hydraulically created electricity, it is not likely to suffer much from war conditions.

Indeed, it is quite probable that, even when the war is over, the industrial development of São Paulo will be still further and permanently increased, and that there will also be industrial development in other of the South American countries, whose output has hitherto been limited to the production of raw materials. This development will be stimulated by the enormous destruction of industrial capacity, which has been going on all over the world during the war; but it will also be more permanently based on the discovery that, economically, a country without a sufficient industrial production is eventually at the mercy of the countries which have it. No doubt the poverty of South America in coal will hinder this industrial development to some extent; but São Paulo has shown that coal can sometimes be replaced by water.

3

HOME RULE PLUS SUICIDE

On 14 February Mr. Gladstone explained to an inconveniently crowded House of Commons the main outlines of his second attempt at the construction of a Home Rule Government for Ireland. The Old Man Eloquent spoke for nearly two hours, and only forgot two items of importance in the complicated details of the new scheme, a fact attributed solely to his having once turned over two sheets of his notes instead of one.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

After Mr. Fowler had explained the provisions of his Registration Bill, and Sir George Trevelyan had followed suit with the Scotch counterpart, Mr. Asquith explained the Ministerial proposal for settling the vexed question of Employers' Liability. They propose to abolish altogether the doctrine of common employment.

LORD RANDOLPH REDIVIVUS

The most remarkable parliamentary episode has been the resurrection of Lord Randolph. In the debate on the Welsh Church Preliminary Disestablishment Bill, Lord Randolph astonished and delighted his old followers by making a thoroughly characteristic old-time speech. Nothing could be in greater contrast than his speech on the Welsh Bill and that on Home Rule. The quondam leader of the House seemed to have regained his youth and high spirits, and he went for the Bill like a regular slogger.

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII

President Harrison and this Government have promptly replied to the appeal of the American party in the Sandwich Islands by bringing forward a Bill sanctioning the annexation of the group to the American Republic. Whatever may be the fate of this measure, it is a significant indication of the drift outwards of our American kinsfolk. Hitherto the American Republic has had no possessions over-sea. The day in which the American flag is definitely hoisted in Honolulu will mark the beginning of a movement, the eventual outcome of which no human being can foresee. The revival of the American navy, the vigorous attempt made by the late Mr. Blaine to sweep the South American Republics into the vortex of North American influence, and the conscious growth of strength and responsibility, all point in one direction. The United States will soon have a foreign policy, a great navy, and a Colonial empire of their own. The whole of Mexico, the West Indian Islands, and Central America are lying, as it were, in the hollow of their hand. It would be an immense blessing for the South American Republics if Brother Jonathan would take them in hand, and stiffen with American smartness and grit the somewhat amorphous mass of Spanish Americans who, at present, more or less misgovern their vast undeveloped continent.

WHERE THE MALE IS ABSOLUTE

Opponents of women's rights should surely emigrate to South-East Alaska, where the dominion of the male is so absolute—according to a paper written by Professor Stevenson in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*—that, when childbirth approaches, the mother is driven from home and compelled to find shelter for herself in the woods. No matter what the season may be, she is driven forth even into the rain and snow. The missionaries are trying to mend matters, but no doubt they will meet with great opposition on the part of the advocates of things as they are. The fact that women suffer in childbirth will be produced as a conclusive reason why their sufferings should be augmented to the uttermost, in order to carry out the will of the Almighty.

EVOLUTION IN MANAGEMENT

GEORGE DICKSON

The Managing Director of an important war factory, Chairman of a District Production Committee, Vice-Chairman of a Regional Production Board and one of the employer members of the Minister of Production's National Advisory Council

PREVIOUS articles in this series have implied how revolutionary the process of evolution has become in the world today. This is no less true in the field of modern industrial management. It is a fact that a well-trained fully experienced modern manager can govern with equal facility the activities of individuals in any of a wide range of different industries from a coal mine to a soap factory, from a shipyard to a rubber company. He knows how to employ specialised technicians and how to enlist, assess, balance and co-ordinate with adequate reward the groups of individuals required to support the machinery of modern production and distribution. In fact, in so far as the changing economic picture allows him to dominate the scene, the modern manager is a figure of whom, I guess, our various thoughtful writers have taken too little count. For it is not generally appreciated that in attempting to devise schemes for new styles of government, management and government are synonymous words.

To the student of humanity there can be no grander job of work than that of managing a modern business that employs just enough individuals to allow the chief manager to be at least on nodding terms with every one of them. In the company I manage there are about a thousand of us, and I know many of our people intimately and am acquainted with all of them. Contemplating my job of management and considering how it fits into the general scheme of things, I like to reflect on the evolution of management through the ages, and to appreciate the fact that management without good acceptable leadership is soulless. In other words, the manager must be acceptable to the individuals whose activities he manages. Free association in groups with good, acceptable group leadership is a basic principle of good management as well as of democracy.

Through the centuries until recently the picture of a manager does not seem to have changed much in the essentials. In pre-history perhaps a crippled old crone sat in a dim cave and others crept in and told her what they had done and asked what they should do next. Or the leader might be a young warrior chief, agile, courageous and first among his fellows. Later, as the idea and power of private wealth developed, it would be someone endowed beyond the rest by inheritance and training. The Squire, say, or the Guild leader. Then on to the early days of the Industrial Revolution, when it would be the small predatory capitalist, who owned tools and plant and managed to make others operate them for him, using the newly harnessed steam power. The manager was always the recognisable and acceptable group leader.

It was only towards the end of the nineteenth century that the idea began to develop of management as a science, quite apart from the principles of leadership or ownership. In the cycles of unplanned industrial politics, production had at that time again outstripped distribution. Firms competing with each other had grown beyond the stage of the one-man business in *laissez-faire*. Very large groups of persons with large amounts of plant and machinery were now in existence in the various industrial countries of the world. And through 'bad times' there appeared a need to make more economical and scientific use of the labour supply and plant in each factory.

So, the name of a man now famous, F. W. Taylor, began to be known in the more intelligent management circles. He demonstrated how the efficiency of any particular production unit could be improved by breaking down and studying in close detail all the operations and movements employed. With rigid logic he analysed motions in relation to time and to available

human muscular energy in the various processes of production in the factories with which he was associated. On these analyses he fixed piece-work rates and output bonus schemes for the workers. Logically, he appreciated also the important psychological need for the worker to have some share in the increased profits accruing from the adoption of the scientific systems. Consequently, a new conception of management was born. Mass production factories were developed, factories in which the owners made colossal profits, and in which the workers, while they were employed there, obeying the rigid rules of the system, also earned very high wages compared with what they could earn in factories not managed according to strict scientific method.

To the protagonists of big business, scientific production management became almost a gospel —although its general adoption in competing factories was bound to prove only a temporary relief from the bad distribution bulges on the trade cycles. Then a mechanical war of infinite magnitude requiring colossal quantities of articles to be produced—the 1914 war—put scientific production management right on the map. And it *did* become a gospel, remember, with Henry Ford as high priest preaching it. After that war was over and the demand for low-priced motor-cars seemed to suggest to him that mass production meant everything to the human race, he caused books to be written showing the way.

But production is only one aspect of management. Difficult and complex though modern production may be, it requires from the modern manager only an intricate and concentrated development of the type of production management exercised in the one-man business of the nineteenth century. For he has economic power to exert a great measure of control over the resources of Labour Supply, Tools and Plant, Buildings, Raw Materials and Transport at his disposal. Modern management is more than just skill in controlling labour. It also includes the co-ordination of many other factors such as the enlightened use of science (new technical processes), art (the architect to build the factory, other artists to design the products), and the synthesis of production with distribution (retail trade). Complete management also has some control over consumption (through advertising), and it is now clear that we must give increased attention to the balance of distribution and consumption; too much emphasis has in the recent past been concentrated upon production alone. Distribution is essentially the complement of Production (just as taking is complementary to giving). But so far, in unplanned States, distribution has necessarily been to a great extent beyond the control of an individual or even of a group of managers, on matter how progressive in outlook they might be.

The limitless potentiality of mass production when it appeared soon brought in its train the need for the scientific development of statistical research into markets, costs and prices. In other words, where previously rule of thumb book-keeping had been good enough to allow the manager to assess the economics of his business, scientific production management made it imperative, particularly with the vastly increased amount of share capital involved, to develop scientific accountancy. At any given moment when the production processes had been broken down into detail, and a vast amount of goods kept pouring out towards the consumers, it was necessary for the manager, just like the captain of a ship, to consult statistical diagrams and charts from which he could study trends and gauge the direction of the business and pilot the course. From Wall Street to the Paris Bourse, from Chicago to London, in the period between 1920 and 1930, this need for better and more scientific economics for industry yielded a happy hunting ground for go-getting 'business consultants and advisers'. With the rapid growth of transport and communications, providing one knew what the consumer wanted and could deliver goods at a keen mass-produced competitive price, the physical process of distribution was simple—a flood of salesmen and a traffic staff, not too highly paid, could take care of it easily.

What a mad period it was to contemplate! Poverty and Plenty side by side in boundless measure. Had the developments of science outstripped the human capacity to live efficiently yet happily as individuals? It was the period of the development of the Fascist State idea, the beginning of the U.S.S.R. five-year plans, the 1926 General Strike in Britain, the fabulous American Trade Boom, group gangsterdom in big business, the proven failure of the League of Nations, Japan going imperialist into Manchuria. And in management of industry, the stop-watch experts, the market researchers, the chart and graph manipulators grew in power and prestige, the technicians of this 'scientific' management who could, it was claimed, for a price, take businesses just like that from 'out of the red into the blue'. It was a pitiful period for the faithful ones who believed that good management

should be good acceptable leadership of fully integrated and co-ordinated groups of individuals, whether in the stone age or in the latter-day machine age with its technical complexities. It was a pitiful period. But it did not last long. Around 1930 the gongs of doom boomed again all over the world. Another decade of management began.

For the philosopher this can all be viewed as a process of evolution, but, with an impassioned faith in the human need to develop a system of democratic living based on intelligently devised group management, I date a new era from the 1930 slump. Except in the U.S.S.R., where there may have been some immediate benefit from a panicked capitalism elsewhere, that slump hit all sorts of firms all over the world. It did not matter much whether they employed 'scientific' management or not, they felt the bottom had been knocked out of their industrial world and it was beyond the powers of any known type of management to save them. On every hand one could hear bleating, pathetic pleas for a dictator to tell them what to do. From 1930 to 1940 there was a period in which management thinkers began to realise that, although we had discovered scientific production management, and scientific economics management, it might be impossible without a totalitarian state to discover scientific distribution management for the consumer; or a scientific method of organising our methods of research, development and planning so that commercialised industry could give sociological satisfaction to a nation conditioned by a tradition of independent individualism. Consequently, the doors of industry were opened to let in a lot of revolutionary thought which spread deeply during the thirties right up to the early summer of 1940 when industry began to grasp, in Britain at any rate, that we were in a total war and that total war required co-ordination of the activities of every individual in the community.

In this total war we are told we are fighting for democracy. As a manager, I often wonder what our people really think. Are we fighting to preserve democracy or to get it? Or a bit of both? For in democracy it is cardinal that co-ordination of the activities of all individuals means willing co-operation between the leaders and the led—a more difficult achievement in industry than it is in the regiment on the battlefield. It was the sudden 1940 appreciation of our need for total co-ordination of all our efforts in British war production that seems to me to date the birth of the latest era of managerial evolution.

The kernel of my story so far is the birth of the scientific management idea some forty or fifty years ago and its fluky development under capitalism since then. Along with the birth of that idea, however, there came another factor of even greater importance to the student of leadership and management. As I have pointed out, in the various industrial countries of the world about the beginning of the century very large groups of persons with large amounts of plant and machinery had begun to supplant the small one-man business in *laissez-faire*. The financial age of industrial mergers, trusts and combines had also opened. There is no need to sketch here that development. I would only point to the economic management complication that such colossal financial groupings created and note that it was generally within these larger groups, particularly from 1920 to 1940, that 'scientific management' experts had their widest scope.

At about the same period, however, there was in Britain an even more important manifestation than either 'scientific production management' or the development of trusts and mergers. This was the strong development of Trades Unions to protect the interests of the workers and to secure for them in many industries higher basic rates of pay, better working conditions and shorter working hours. At the same time, not so obtrusively in the public eye, there was the perhaps stronger development of Employers Associations to safeguard the interests of the employer when faced with the demands of Trades Union organised workers. By the same economic compulsion, in fact, that brought scientific management as a science into being, workers were driven with perfect 'freedom of the individual' into their trades unions and employers into their associations and federations.

Although the general public has been fed on news stories of strikes and lock-outs from time to time, little emphasis has been put on the continual and immense amount of patient negotiation and agreement that takes place between groups of employers and groups of workers through the organisation of the Trades Unions and Employers Associations. I am on an Employers Association executive committee, and although I take little active part in the discussions on wages and am more concerned with the development of good apprenticeship schemes, I am always amazed at our monthly meetings to read through and hear the many

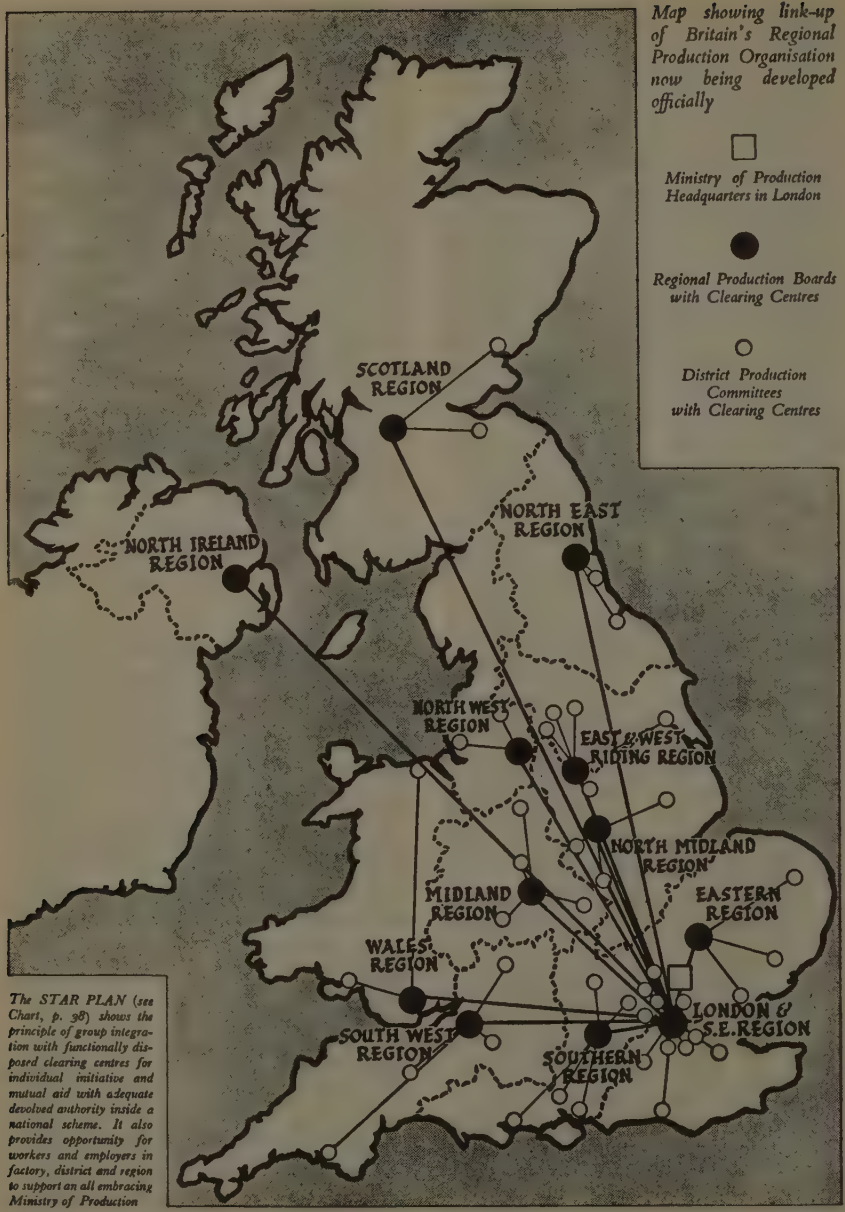
reports of what has been accomplished in the month between our Engineering Employers Association and the Trades Unions. It is most exceptional for a strike or lock-out to take place over some point of disagreement. Let me give you an example of what happens in the engineering industry since it is much in the news of war production.

There are agreed basic rates of pay and agreed hours of work to govern overtime. These are minimum rates, but piecework and bonus systems in most establishments normally allow the worker to earn a wage considerably more than the minimum. To make piecework or bonus easily possible there must be a certain amount of repetition in the work to be done. Repetitive work seldom requires the highest degree of individual ingenuity or skill. That leads us to the instance of the toolmaker. Without his fundamental work it would be impossible for the less-skilled worker to get jigs and fixtures on which to earn his high piecework wage. Yet the toolmaker's work can seldom be gauged either for piecework or bonus. Therefore, in many war factories in different parts of the country we had the anomaly of highly skilled workers receiving very much lower wages than less-skilled or even unskilled workers, which was patently ridiculous. The Trades Unions and Employers Associations concerned, therefore, collected statistics from their members and through their chosen representatives initiated discussions on the subject. The result of these discussions was an agreement that in every engineering firm the toolmakers would receive an agreed percentage increase in their wages in direct relation to the wages earned by the other workers in the firm. That agreement applies generally to most engineering establishments in the country.

Now here is what I consider the most interesting development in the wages economics of industry. If in any particular firm a worker or employer suspects that the agreement is being broken—usually the worker, perhaps because he has less access to figures—a protest is made in the first place to the management through a shop steward who is an ordinary worker elected for this purpose to prevent victimisation. Usually the question is settled at that stage. In discussions with the shop stewards the management can disclose confidentially much cost and price information that cannot be published broadcast. If no agreement is reached, the shop steward then refers the question to his Trades Union, and the employer to his Association. A works conference is then arranged. Officials from the Trades Union and the Employers Association sit down together with the management of the firm and the aggrieved workers to see if they can clear the problem. This is usually successful. But, if not, the problem is then referred to a regional conference where employers and trades unionists from a wider field are brought together to clear the problem. Wider technicalities and precedents are then brought forward and discussed as evidence. Both sides usually try hard to get agreement at this conference, but, if it fails, the problem is then discussed by national representatives of employers and workers who almost invariably agree a compromise that prevents a strike or lock-out.

There is nothing dictatorial or autocratic in that process. It is the making of governing rules and agreeing procedure in consultation with those who are governed. The democratic principle. Rigid scientific management, like Nazism, lays down the rules and enforces them with an economic whip or bludgeon. An economic whip is only useful when there is a surplus labour pool. In a totalitarian State or in a democracy in total war there can be no surplus labour pool.

Economists tell us that we must in future achieve full employment also in peacetime (*vide* the discussions now taking place on the Beveridge Report). And the trend nowadays is to seek economic freedom for which in this country we staked our claim with Magna Charta. And economic freedom includes the right to adequate food, housing, leisure, education and security. Read *Fighting for What?* by Sir John Orr, and appreciate how much good agreeable management will be imperative for such a real victory. It is, therefore, gratifying to reflect that in our principal British munitions industries, while the influence of 'scientific management' has had a considerable effect on estimating, rate-fixing, job costing and so on, as a pure and rigid science without compromise, it has never become widely popular. The groups in the various industries have preferred consultation and compromise agreement on points of difference. I believe there is a sociological reason for this. Dr. Karl Mannheim supports this view very strongly in his article 'Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society' in this series; moreover, some of the most important recent books on the subject, i.e. *Man and Society* by the same author, *Fear of Freedom* by Erich Fromm, or *The Social*



Map showing link-up of Britain's Regional Production Organisation now being developed officially

□ *Ministry of Production Headquarters in London*

● *Regional Production Boards with Clearing Centres*

○ *District Production Committees with Clearing Centres*

The STAR PLAN (see Chart, p. 38) shows the principle of group integration with functionally disposed clearing centres for individual initiative and mutual aid with adequate devolved authority inside a national scheme. It also provides opportunity for workers and employers in factory, district and region to support an all embracing Ministry of Production

Function of Science by Professor Bernal, or, if you like, the writings of our new Archbishop of Canterbury, and many more, all provide logical reasoning for a faith in co-operative management and leadership based on the Christian virtues of mutual aid as opposed to rigid 'scientific management' which becomes so easily the tool of an autocratic group that seizes power. In my opinion the democratic significance of the new managerial evolution is that, in the factory, in the district, in the region and nationally, the manager, the group leader, *must* be acceptable to those whom he manages. But blind fumbling emotional faith is not enough in these dreadful days of brutal government of the individual more or less everywhere. If we agree that management and government are synonymous words, it seems right that a manager should be permitted to offer his considered theory of the basic solution to the modern problem. My theory may be right, it may be over simplified, it may be wrong, but of one thing I am certain—that the future organisation of this changing world depends to a very high degree upon a successful evolution of management.

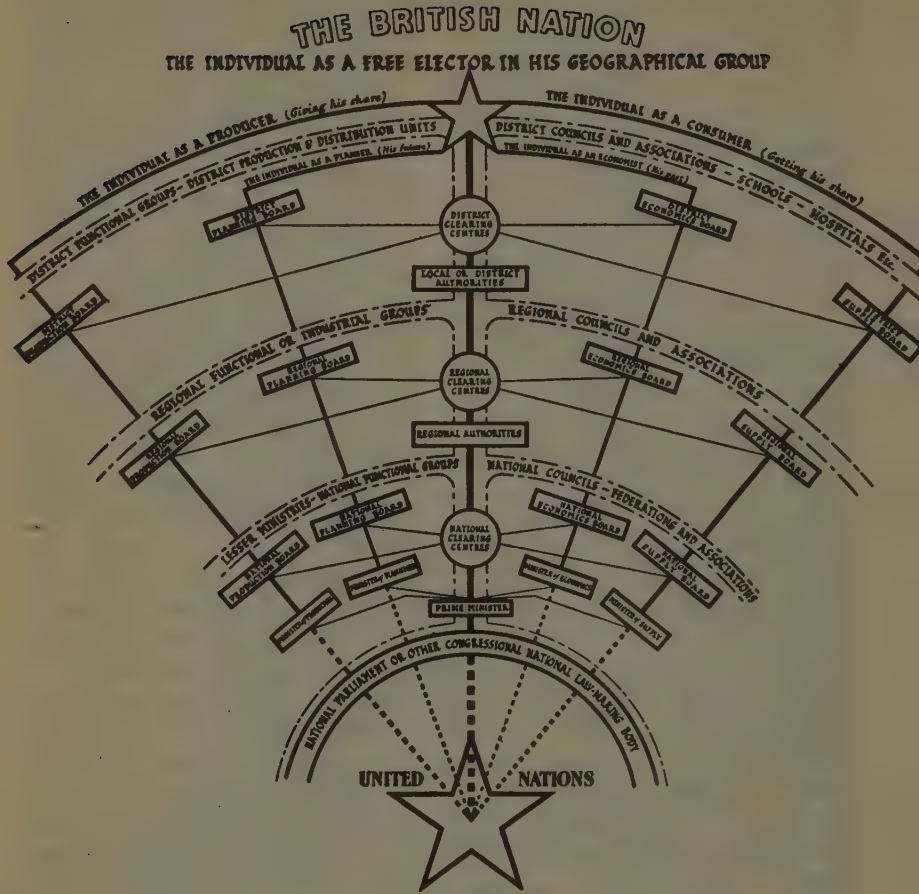
In my first paragraph, I stated the fact that a well-trained fully experienced modern manager can govern with equal facility the activities of individuals in any of a wide range of different industries. He can only do so with success if he is fully supported by all the individuals he manages. To do this he must realise that the large group of his individuals is composed of an infinite number of smaller groups and sub-groups, all of which must be intelligently integrated. Every group, no matter how small, has its recognisable group leader. Therefore the chief manager as chief group leader must so organise and control his company that he has a line of support through the same channels, thus ensuring that the authority of leadership will always carry the burden of responsibility in true measure.

I find by experience that the most straightforward way to realise and then to achieve this seemingly complicated organisation of management or government is to look right into oneself as an individual and discover that, when all odd fancies and notions are discarded, the happy content of individual living is the genius of balancing only four major interests. These are: Giving one's share, Getting one's share, the Past and the Future. In so far as the individual balances the content of these four major interests, just so far is he happy be he peasant or prince. Therefore in my scheme, which I have called the Star Plan, I have chosen a five-pointed star to symbolise this harmony, the top point representing the individual intelligence or genius, which controls these other four major points.

But every individual in the modern world, whether he likes the idea or not, exists only as a member of an infinite number of groups of other individuals with whom he has established community. He lives in a district; his district may be part of a region; his region is part of a nation; his nation might be part of an international commonwealth. Moreover, he is an engineer, or a farmer, or a coalminer, or a shopkeeper, identifiable with other engineers, farmers, coalminers, shopkeepers. But he is always an individual. Therefore through all the groups there must run strong lines of individual common interest on (1) Giving, (2) Getting, (3) The Past, and (4) The Future. Consequently, it should be simple to make the main lines of management or government coincident with these four major lines of individual and group interest, which can then be more clearly stated as (1) Production, (2) Distribution (or Supply), (3) Economics, and (4) Development and Planning. These four lines of group major interests must be co-ordinated and controlled just as with individual major interests. Consequently, in a business we have the managing director with four chief managers equal in authority under him, and in a Government the Prime Minister with four chief ministers.

I have been criticised for over-simplifying the problem thus: but have I? Is it not possible to discern that what I suggest is already beginning to appear in British management and government, and that if we appreciate what is happening we can apply our minds and energies to speed the process, rather than suffer the bungling travail we have had to endure in the conception and birth of a Democratic Ministry of Production designed to cover our total productive resources in our war need?

In previous paragraphs I described what happened in the economics field of the engineering and allied industries from the factories, through the districts and regions to the national conference on wages and conditions of employment. It is noteworthy that from these same industries, of so much importance in munitions production, came the greatest demand for a Ministry of Total Production. Now, although the Ministry is still in embryo, we have 'Joint



OUTLINE DIAGRAM OF THE STAR PLAN FOR DEMOCRATIC GROUP MANAGEMENT AND GOVERNMENT

In a democracy every national group leader or Minister should be ultimately responsible to the people through the Prime Minister and an elected Parliament. A simplified diagram may not indicate this clearly enough. The Foreign Minister say, as leader of the group of people interested in foreign affairs, must obviously be responsible to the Prime Minister who is group leader of the nation, but in the Foreign Office there would be four chief departmental heads interested in (1) Production (2) Consumption or Supply (3) Economics and (4) Development and Planning. In the same way the Chief of all our armed forces would have, as they almost have in the individual services now, supporting him four chiefs of staff responsible for (1) Tactics (2) Supplies (3) Forces Economics and (4) Strategy. Each of these supporting chiefs would be in close and constant touch with his corresponding Minister who supports the Prime Minister, so that all national activities would be integrated and synchronised

Works Councils' in the factories where employers and workers attempt to clear production difficulties, District Production Committees composed of workers and employers' representatives with Clearing Centres for production problems too difficult for the factory, Regional Production Boards with worker and employer representation viewing and clearing production problems regionally; and although we have not yet obtained a National Production Board, we at least have won a Minister of Production with an advisory council of workers and employers viewing production problems nationally.

As the new Ministry grows it is becoming generally appreciated that it must be responsible for *all* production management, and for the first time it is being realised that the Supply Departments of the Government are really concerned with consumer needs rather than with producer efficiency and that it would perhaps be wise to have one Minister of Supply (Distribution) in the war cabinet as an opposite number to the Minister of Production so that when all our production resources are being reviewed they can be readily compared with all our consumer needs, either military or civil.

With these facts before us, I therefore contend, as indicated on my Star Plan chart herewith, every individual in our nation should be shown how he (or she) is integrated in his groups along the four major lines of his common interest, and governed according to his desire by an elected national executive in which, as now and without disturbing our parliamentary institutions, a democratically appointed Prime Minister will be supported by only four chief Ministers, i.e., (1) a Minister of Production, (2) a Minister of Supply, (3) a Minister of Economics, and (4) a Minister of Development and Planning, whose interests the Prime Minister will be expected to inspire, co-ordinate, balance and direct.

This would be the nation's central governing body and the counterpart of intimate group integration for the individual citizen everywhere concerned with getting and giving his share to the community, the review of his past, and his hopes and designs for the future.

In a modern factory it is exceedingly simple. The Managing Director is supported by his Works Manager, his Sales Manager, his Commercial Manager or Accountant, and his Chief Engineer or Chief Planner. In some businesses one person may double two or more of these group leading jobs, but in the main the four balancing interests are clearly separate in modern management, and the lines go out to and in from the humblest worker (1) doing *his* job well, (2) to please his customer, i.e. floor inspector, (3) for so much wage for a certain number of hours or parts, and (4) with his ideas about how best to do the job, his dreams of tomorrow and the day after.

With all the statements and arguments we now hear about reconstruction and planning or about prices and wages boards in relation to our national finance, taxation and rationing; also, as I have pointed out, with our growing consciousness of the necessity to have—as an opposite number to the Minister of Production—a Minister of Supply who would assess, co-ordinate and express all our total consumer need, is it not obvious that from the lowliest local authority or recognisable group of individuals anywhere, to the greatest international federation of nations that we can visualise, our task of co-ordinating successfully all human interests will be soonest achieved if we recognise and organise along the four major lines of (1) we give, (2) we get, (3) our past, and (4) our future?

On this brief sketch of a plan I prophesy there will be eventually the noblest possibility of allowing true democratic management and group leadership to emerge. Then we will secure a form of government by which the governed individual will always be free in his courage to have an intelligent and effective voice in a scheme of things where good humour and sensitive sympathy will allow him to aspire to the highest personal standard of spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical integrity. By modern news dissemination we could have it now—if we would.

Previous articles in this series:—1941, June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. B. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D.

1942, January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'The Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther; April, 'Exploring the Unseeable' by J. G. Crowther; May, 'The New Politics' by Dr. F. Borkenau; July, 'Democratic Planning and the New Science of Society' by Dr. Karl Mannheim; August, 'The Future of Sociology' by Lewis Mumford; October, 'The Revolution in Education' by Dr. C. D. Darlington, F.R.S.; December, 'The Revolution in Economics' by Thomas Balogh.

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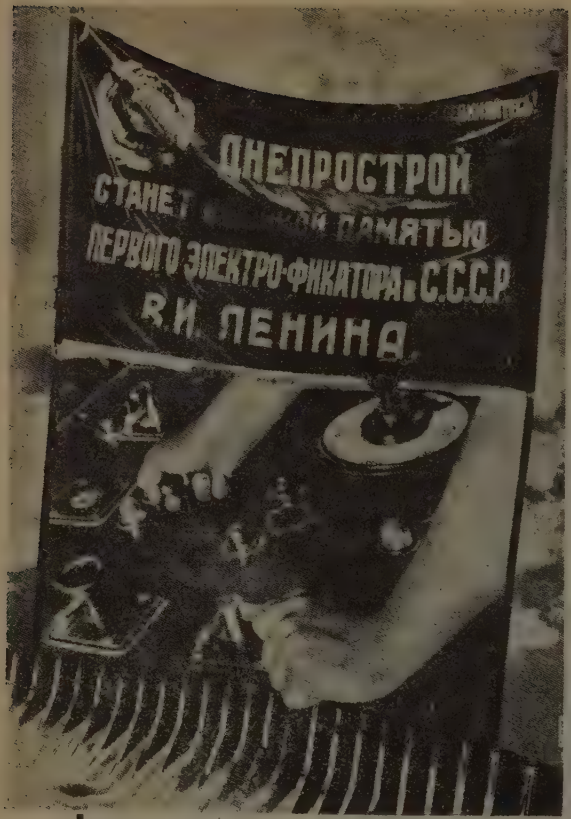


THE DNIEPER DAM

CATHERINE CAMERON

who was born in Ukraine and has lived in London for many years. Has written and taken part in broadcasts about the U.S.S.R.

Photomontage in Dnieper number of 'U.S.S.R. In Construction', October 1932. The banner reads: 'Dnieprostroy will become a hallowed memory of the first electrificator of the U.S.S.R.—Vladimir Ilych Lenin'

In March 1932, six months ahead of schedule, the huge turbines of the largest electric power plant in Europe were set in motion, and the daring project of tackling the most difficult engineering problem in a backward country least suited to the task was fulfilled. In August 1941, after two months of gigantic battles at the front and equally gigantic feats of evacuation and demolition in the rear, Dnieproges was blown up by the people who built it.

The history of Dnieproges is only one example of the many grandiose schemes these Soviet people have realised and one of the countless sacrifices made in the invaded Republics. It had stood for only nine years, and this short period had so fundamentally changed life on the Dnieper that it seems absurd now to talk of the river reverting to its wild state. The power station had supplied electricity throughout a vast radius; in Krivoy Rog, Dniepropetrovsk, Zaporogie, the Donetz Basin, scores of enormous plants and hundreds of smaller ones had been manufacturing on an ever-increasing scale. Dnieproges had been the heart of one of the busiest districts in the Union, both industrial and agricultural. Now it is a mound of ruins, surrounded by ruined cities, factory combines and farms.

The dam was built in the bend of the river at its farthermost eastern point. Here the stream runs for 66 kilometres through the spurs of the Carpathian mountains, and its course is broken by a chain of rapids. In places the current flows six times as fast.

The islands upstream were submerged when the dam was built, but the rocky 'Hortitsa' downstream, the famous island fastness of the Zaporog Cossacks in the Middle Ages, regained something of its old importance when it became a railway centre for the Dnieper Combine.

Always it is a dark and angry river of matchless strength that leaps to the mind when the Dnieper is mentioned, so when at last the project

of building a dam across it was seriously tackled by the Soviet Government, it was greeted in many quarters, especially abroad, with derision.

Dnieprostroy (Dnieper Construction) was one of the tasks of the first Five Year Plan, but the scheme had fired the imagination of Soviet planners from the earliest days of their rule. Lenin himself had evolved a plan for the electrification of the entire country calculated in billions of kilowatt hours. At that time Russia was far behind other nations in the production of electricity, and the total capacity of her hydro-electric stations was only a fraction of the capacity of one of the nine turbines of the future Dnieproges (Dnieper hydro-electric station). Moreover, the country was impoverished and disorganised: the first Soviet Electrotechnical Congress in October 1921 coincided with 'Aid the Starving' week. The job had to be started from scratch. Kryzhanovsky, head of the State Commission for the Electrification of Russia, Alexandrov, designer of the Dnieper Dam, together with many others, worked untiringly on the scheme at a time when candles and kerosene lamps were often a luxury in the districts it most affected.

Rivers on the Soviet territories are among the largest in the world. The opportunities they presented were as tremendous as the task of developing them, and the implications greater still. The industrialisation of this backward agrarian country, the development of transport and the mechanisation of agriculture—first essentials of the Soviet programme and all part of the first Five Year Plan, required electric power as their foundation. The idea expressed in Lenin's now famous words: 'Communism is Soviet Government plus the electrification of the whole country' summed up the issue for the Soviet people. By the time the first Five Year Plan got going, electrification had become a popular subject. Interest in Dnieprostroy was not confined to the scores of thousands of workers on the spot. The whole country was constantly kept in touch in every way possible, and this was one of the things which greatly enhanced the keenness and sense of responsibility among the workers—they could not let the country down.

The actual building commenced in 1928, though auxiliary shops, offices, clubs, laboratories, etc., had already sprung up in an incredibly short time near the site. The American firm, H. L. Cooper and Co. Inc., devised the method of construction which was finally adopted. The water was to be diverted first to one side, then to the other, and work started from both shores simultaneously. Vast excavations had to be made behind the protecting walls of temporary dykes built strong enough to withstand the formidable water pressure which, in spring, reaches 20,000 cubic metres per second. 1.8 million cubic metres of rock had to be blasted and carted away; 3.4 million cubic metres of earth excavated, and water pumped out of one great enclosure after another before the foundations could be laid.

Except for a few veterans from the Volkhov Dam (completed in 1926), this work had to be done by unskilled workers. There was a serious shortage of engineers and technicians, and the art of hydrotechnical construction was virtually learnt on the spot by the builders of Dnieprostroy. Technical classes were organised near at hand, where the workers supplemented the knowledge they had picked up in practice during the day's work. Some time elapsed before the workers could be trained, and meanwhile magnificent and expensive American machines were often ill-treated.

Plenty of difficulties confronted the builders at the outset. Keenness and team loyalty had not yet become universal. And the elements were a constant threat. The ways of the river are unpredictable, and the builders of Dnieproges had their full share of surprises and disasters. After a year's struggle, when a sector of the river bed on the left side had been cleared, revealing shining slabs of polished granite far below, and the builders were hoping to commence blasting the rock prior to laying the foundations, the temporary dykes developed a leakage through no defect in workmanship, and the whole cavity was flooded and weeks of labour undone.

By 1930 there was a severe shortage of labour. The giant factories of the Dnieper Combine, which would be fed by the power of Dnieproges, were being erected at the same time as the dam so that neither should stand idle on completion. This made heavy demands on manpower, and Dnieprostroy was left with only 18,500 workers at a time when hundreds more were needed if the work was to be kept to schedule. 1.2 million cubic metres of concrete had to be sunk—again a job which the workers had to learn from scratch—and this would have to be done at least as fast as the record American speed of concrete pouring. The magnitude of the task only stimulated technicians and workers alike: especially the workers. Dnieprostroy was a youthful community: 63 per cent of the workers were below the age of thirty, and now the race against

time, added to all the other problems, created an atmosphere of pioneering devotion.

The management set the ambitious plan of pouring 427,000 cubic metres of concrete in the coming season. Immediately the workers announced their counterplan for 500,000 cubic metres. In addition they pledged themselves to complete the whole edifice six months ahead of the plan, not later than 1 May 1932. Attempts were made to dissuade them in case the quality should suffer. But the workers stuck to their pledge. Socialist competition caught on in the entire unit. Brigade challenged brigade; the right bank challenged the left. Tempos were soon doubled and trebled. Brigades of ten which were leading during the summer at about 100 cubic metres per shift were already pouring 245 cubic metres easily by the autumn. Girls were among the keenest shock-workers. Brigades discovered that working rhythmically helped things on—often they sang and 'danced' the concrete in. Day and night the work never stopped; there were three shifts in the twenty-four hours. Newspapers reported the achievements of individual brigades, and also drew attention to mistakes. A progress board illustrated in cartoons who was first and last, and coloured electric lights on each bank announced to the opposite side whenever the norm had been exceeded. By the end of that season 518,000 cubic metres had been poured, and a world record in the speed of concrete setting established.

Next spring started late, and the water rose to an unprecedented height—22 metres above the usual level. Measures had been taken, as at every spring, but the unexpected weight and fury of the water was checked for the first time by a barrier right across its course. By that time the two sides of the dam had been linked, forming a great curve 767 metres long, but its height had only just reached normal water level, and work was still being done behind temporary dykes. Some of these were torn away in spite of an all-night struggle to reinforce them. The waters continued rising and started pushing up the right bank, now threatening the most important sector of the whole construction, the excavation for the power station, a great cavity 300 metres across—which had been by far the hardest job. The only hope of saving it, if there was time, was to dig a canal and flood it, thus relieving the pressure. The entire construction volunteered for this battle against minutes. Office workers, intellectuals, even tourists on holiday arrived with spades and shovels. The structure of the power station was saved, but these set-backs threatened the plan, to say nothing of the workers' pledge to finish six months ahead. All summer they worked, increasing their tempos, but soon it became clear that the necessary quota could not be completed that season.

So, against the advice of experts, and defying generally accepted rules about concrete setting, Dnieprostroy continued work right through the winter. Workers turned out regularly while the river was frozen hard enough for lorries to drive over it and the cutting steppe blizzards blacked out the light. The concrete, which had to be supplied heated, froze to the cranes if not unloaded fast enough. This heating of the concrete had again taken some co-ordinating, but those who stood for fulfilment of the pledge had prevailed. Tempos were maintained in the new conditions, and workers took pride in a frozen finger, or frostbitten nose.The dam was ready, and the first turbines set in motion in March—again the workers had over-fulfilled their pledge.

Dnieproges was a handsome edifice, curving upstream in a broad white arc of impressive solidity. Its height was 60 metres, and it raised the water's level by 37 metres. Above it an enormous calm lake was formed, 16 kilometres across, and all the rapids and islands for 100 kilometres upstream were submerged by the deep navigable waters of a broadened river. The strong current had been harnessed to produce 810,000 h.p.—power which exceeded the original ambitious estimates. Close by, on the left bank, stood the fine new aluminium plant, and as far as the eye could see on both sides, factories and houses had arisen on the recently flat steppes.

One of the most significant results of the Dnieprostroy success was its effect on the young generation who built it. It was a kind of a test, a coming of age. Other great feats of construction were performed during the first Five Year Plan, and other giants have been built since in the European Republics and far to the East in the backward Asiatic territories. Yet Dnieproges appears to have held first place in the fondness of the people because it was here the infant State proved to itself and to the world that it was capable of excelling in modern technique, capable of forging the foundation for the new life it had set out to build. Among the many benefits derived from Dneiprostroy was self-confidence, confidence in the community which had proved equal to the task.

And when war demanded the sacrifice, the community proved equal to this task also.

THE RIGHTS OF SMALL NATIONS?

J. I. de LIZASO, Basque Delegate in London

I

THE science of waging war belongs to the experts. The man in the street fulfilled his part when he obliged his rulers to accept the challenge of the totalitarian States. He continues to do his duty, dying. He will exercise his right when he demands the fruits of victory.

Conscious of this, the United Nations are studying the grave problems which faced the world in September 1939. Public opinion is tense, refusing to yield its right to take part in the debates: democracy in practice. The world has the right to live in peace, and to live better than it has done.

The Atlantic Charter, and the solemn declarations of President Roosevelt and other statesmen, promise exactly this to the man in the street: a life of peace, both spiritual and material. Without waiting for the end of the war the Allied Governments, on the march, have entrusted to a number of different technical bodies the preparation of economic and social blue-prints for the future, schemes which, in their application, would require real sacrifices and a human solidarity, which will have to be forged through the social education of men and the regeneration of their souls.

On the other hand, the complex problems of the fair distribution of raw materials, rationalisation of production according to demand, transport, correlation of exchanges, reconstruction of the devastated regions, supply of food and medical assistance to a hungry and impoverished Europe, social insurances, etc., are all material questions, difficult to solve indeed, but which must form part of a world design, with the goodwill and collaboration of all States.

These difficulties must be settled in such a way that all men can feel themselves free, not only politically, but economically. Political rights, freedom of thought and expression, freedom of conscience, all that is known by the 'rights of man', must be complemented by guarantees of subsistence which will assure to the individual a decent life, with a guaranteed minimum wage, sufficient to meet his personal and family needs. In this respect the Beveridge Plan should serve as a basis for study in this and other countries.

There is an increasing tendency towards the settlement, firstly, of the material problems of individuals and nations, considering, no doubt, that once these are solved, spiritual and political questions can await a later solution, and perhaps be indefinitely delayed in some cases.

But if the world demands a solution of the economic and social problems facing it, it demands no less a settlement of the fundamental spiritual ones. The danger lies, precisely, in that we may get the matter out of focus and give preference to the first, the mutable questions, leaving aside those which, because they are eternal, need to be solved without delay, and forgetting that no economic reconstitution can succeed unless based on confidence in a future free from the threatening shadow of unsatisfied national grievances.

II

MAN is by nature sociable; and the satisfaction of his rights, both individual and family, is only possible in relation to his duties and services as an active member of the nation—the natural association formed by the extension of the family, the primary cell of society. The State is nothing but the political form laid down by man so that the nation may fulfil its purpose.

The nation and the individual are both complementary; and one cannot exist morally without the other. Hence, since all liberties are indivisible, there will be no justice whilst any particular nation is denied the right to liberty; even though the individual and family rights of its members are protected juridically.

Personal liberties must be complemented by a national association (also free), to which the individual feels united by the ties of race,

language, history and tradition, and, *above all, by the will to belong to it.*

The political independence of all nations who demand their liberty is, then, as indispensable as the liberty of the individual. If this premise is not accepted, the justice which humanity demands of the victory of the democracies would be incomplete, since there can be no exceptions in the application of the ideas of freedom, to conform to national egoisms or historic prejudices.

The problem of the nationalities of Europe was not dealt with in its entirety at the 1919 Peace Conference. The questions then discussed only related to the defeated States.

Czechoslovakia would never have become a reality if the Austro-Hungarian Empire had not been the ally of Germany. Czech independence was nearly denied when, firstly, Prince Sixte (February–June 1917), then Count Mensdorff-Poilly (December 1917), and, lastly, the Emperor Charles (February 1918) negotiated with the Allies, who were attempting to reach a separate peace with Austria-Hungary. If that plan had been successful, Czechoslovakia, by the tenth declaration of the fourteen points of President Wilson, confirming the statement of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, on 5th January 1918, would have had to be satisfied with autonomy granted by the Hapsburgs.

It seems entirely unjust that the right to national liberty, and its degree, should be determined by the accidents of war, or by opportunism.

After this war, the United Nations should not apply differing principles in the settlement of problems which are similar in law, whether they arise in the defeated countries or not. '*Ubi est eadem ratio, eadem dispositio juris esse debet.*'

The victory of the democracies will guarantee —so humanity has the right to expect—long years of peace. But peace is not the supreme ideal of mankind. It is only a means to an end. The ideal is perfection, and this cannot be until all rights are satisfied in justice. This idea is reflected in St. Augustine's famous definition of peace, '*Tranquilitas ordinis*'. But no true order can exist without justice. If right and justice are not extended to all men and all peoples, great and small, through the satisfaction of their yearnings for liberty, compatible with the obligations imposed by the *general good of all*, the last resource of violated right will be insurrection, which is the extreme means of enforcing right. But, as peace, like liberty, is indivisible, humanity cannot allow the existence of causes of injustice which might result in the disturbance of peace in any corner of the world, not only through war between two States, but within a State itself, a member of a wider super-State society, the society of mankind. The world is going through a period of reconstitution, and the goal is *perfect peace for humanity*. Every prejudice which opposes the work of justice must be overcome.

Peoples, like individuals, have their own souls. It is the duty of humanity to see that the cultural contribution of the small nations is not lost to our civilisation, more than ever in need of spiritual and cultural variety in a world daily becoming more monotonous in the uniformity of its material progress. In the civic and political genius of the various races, and in the treasure of tradition of these peoples, humanity can find elements not to be despised for its moral regeneration.

Many of these national cultures are in danger of extinction in face of the attitude of a civilisation which has changed the order of human values. But if moral considerations are not sufficient to fix attention upon this problem, perhaps certain practical aspects of it may be. As Professor Saurat so aptly says in a recent article in *World Review*—there are in Europe a number of different cultural problems which need urgent attention, since, otherwise, they will constitute further dangers to the future peace of the world.

Perhaps some cases, such as the Flemish and the Alsatian, could be settled by the formula of cultural autonomy, since the existence of peoples not politically minded must be accepted.

The cultural and politico-cultural problems of Europe, however, are not all so easily solved; and it therefore follows that each one must be judged on its merits, being studied and settled justly, in a spirit of generosity. Standardised solutions cannot be applied to this question.

We should establish in the first place that (*a*) There would be no diverse cultural and politico-cultural problems of the non-State nations of Europe, if the latter were not a reality. (*b*) It is not logical to suppose that these problems would arise if these irredentist nations had not justifiable reasons for complaint against the States within whose boundaries they live.

Once (*a*) and (*b*) have been accepted, the solution to be applied to each case will depend upon the degree and justice of the complaint, and the measure of popular expression of it, whether exclusively cultural or a national movement demanding full sovereignty; and if the

nation rises in rebellion against the State within which it lives, it is almost certain that that movement will be in direct proportion to the degree of oppression suffered.

The formula of cultural autonomy *conceded* by the State to certain groups who have no political conscience of their own nationality, may perhaps prevent this cause of discontent—when it is the *only* one—from becoming aggravated and taking on a political aspect. But such a solution would have no practical validity were it to be applied to other groups, having a clear consciousness of their own national personality, and manifesting their determination to regain possession of their political sovereignty. Once this was achieved, they would themselves solve their own cultural problem, *amongst others*. The former want to be well governed. The latter want to be neither well nor badly governed; they want to govern themselves.

When the collective psychological phenomenon of discontent has arisen in a nation, and has gained sufficient popular support and public expression, the granting of cultural autonomy will not dispose of the problem. If, for example in the case of the Basque Country (Euzkadi, in the Basque language) today, as in Czechoslovakia in 1918, the will of the majority for national independence has racial and historical foundations, and has been sealed with the blood of tens of thousands of their sons and the destruction of their towns—the Basques can never forget Gernika—nothing but the complete satisfaction of their yearnings for national liberty will be accepted willingly by this people.

Humanity must be just and generous, and recognise that all peoples, when they reach political maturity, have the right, already enjoyed by the great nations, to organise themselves politically into States. It would be distasteful to admit that today there should still be some value in the aphorism that liberties are not willingly granted to nations, but must be taken by force, meaning that the peaceful path to the attainment of freedom is closed to the small nationalities.

III

THERE is one outstanding point in the conception of philosophy common to all the totalitarian States: it is the idea of war as a state of affairs natural to mankind and, therefore, necessary for progress, peace being considered as a mere accident, an interval between the acts of the endless tragedy of humanity.

This pagan conception can be based on no other instinct than that of material egoism; nor does it flourish in any other active element than hatred, which is, precisely, the negation of all human progress; the opposite to charity, the basis of the Christian doctrine, in the relations between peoples.

The exaltation of war was also one of the traits which characterised the ancients, who justified the right of conquest and the enslavement of the conquered.

Few peoples have been free of that sin throughout the dark ages of history. In this respect, perhaps I may be allowed to mention one exception, the Basque Country, which, through the centuries, has maintained the doctrine of right and of democracy, conforming its conduct to these rules. Now it is suffering the consequences.

The Basque People, whose remnants still live today on both sides of the Western Pyrenees, along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, were in the earliest days of history already fighting to defend their culture and their territory against the Celts, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Franks and Castillians. They never conquered the territories of another nation, nor occupied their cities, nor carried off their women. When they were attacked by an invader, they fought until he was driven out of their land. Their victory never gave them the right of conquest over the vanquished.

That was the spirit which dictated the terms of the Kellogg Pact, undefined then, but very real in its inspiration of the Basques. The history of this nation—the oldest democracy in Europe—is an uninterrupted fight against the various Aryan peoples who attacked them. With the exception of the Arabs, who temporarily occupied one extreme of their present territory, all their enemies were Aryans. Two opposing races and philosophies were face to face. The Aryan philosophy justified the right of conquest. The Basque philosophy repudiated that principle. And it certainly was not through want of bravery in their sons, who knew how to defend their race, their ancient language and their culture, against the power of the Roman Empire.

In the Basque tradition, the seventh commandment of the Decalogue of Christ is a precept of natural law, applying not only to individual, but also to collective morality. In this fact there may, perhaps, be found the human motive which explains the fervent adherence of the Basques to Christianity, and perhaps also the reason why Basque democracy has never needed to use

revolution in order to fuse into one single moral life, liberty and faith, the Christian commandment and their racial genius. The phenomenon observed in medieval Basque religious life—the Western European country which refused the Inquisition—is the same which is evident in its political life. According to Basque morality and historic practice, neither the conscience of the individual, nor the national, economic and territorial body of the conquered nations, could become the property of the conqueror.

There is a Basque tradition which faithfully reflects the spirit of the race. This is 'the Malato Tree'. This mythical tree grew on the frontier of the Basque lands. When foreign nations invaded their territory, the Basques could repel the attack, but, on reaching the 'Malato Tree', they buried their swords in its trunk, as a sign of respect for the rights of the defeated enemy.

This tradition is borne out by history. In 1160, with Sancho VI the Wise, King of Navarre, when in Atapuerca, after defeating Castille, he plunged his sword into a tree and said: 'Thus far is our kingdom.' This same standard of conduct is embodied in the Fuero (Constitution) of Biscay of 1575.

Whoever fights on the defensive always loses, in the long run. That is what has happened to the Basques. The 'Malato Tree' marked the boundary of an ever-diminishing territory. It explains why a Basque, Francisco de Vitoria, should be the founder of International Law, refusing to the Roman Pontiff and the Spanish Emperor the titles of ruler over the Indians and their territories, and proclaiming human equality, not only for men but also for peoples, with all its juridical consequences.

With the errors of history abjured by the Aryan peoples, now converted to democracy, it can be stated today that the Allied Nations are fighting for the same principles enunciated throughout the centuries by the Basques, whilst force, conquest, violence and Aryan rage against the right of other men and peoples to life and freedom, are championed by Germany, whose Nazism is only a new philosophic dress for the old German national anthem: '*Deutchland über alles*', embodying the Teutonic saying: '*Und willst Du nicht mein Bruder sein, so schlag ich Dir den Schaedel ein.*'

It is essential that the Allies, who are today the interpreters of morality and international law, should repair the injustice suffered by the small nations of Europe, whose only crime has been in not accepting the philosophy of the law of conquest, 'the natural disease of princes', according to Plutarch, or 'the duty of kings', according to Tacitus.

Even if it has been agreed that it would not be practicable to punish past conduct and crimes, it would, in any case, be inadmissible that, in the name of the Christian principles and international morality, justice and reparation should be denied to existing communities which have set the world an example by their conduct.

IV

There are those who declare that the statesmen responsible for the Treaty of Versailles were too concerned to give political satisfaction to the small nationalities of Europe, creating States which have proved easy victims of Nazi Germany because they were incapable of military defence. Has any State been sufficiently strong to wage war alone? And with a simplicity lacking all logic and justice, from this fact the absurd conclusion is drawn that these small States have no right to exist. Would it not be fairer to declare that those who have no right to exist are the powerful States, artificially united for military power, and with a longing for the conquest of weaker peoples. I suppose Czechoslovakia and Poland were the aggressors and Germany the victim . . . !

Peoples, like individuals, have their origin in God, and the particular genius which distinguishes them bears the seal of their mission. Each people has its destiny to fulfil in the common task of humanity. And the spiritual contribution of the nations is not measured by their territorial extent; nor by the number of fanatical brutes mustered in motorised divisions.

V

We do not advocate the artificial and enforced atomisation of Europe. We admit that in some States there may be nations which lack a political conscience and do not desire sovereignty. To force such peoples to proclaim their independence would be the very negation of the principle of liberty. But it would be equally unjust to deny it to the nations who desire it.

If humanity attempts to inaugurate an era in which all men, without exception, will be guaranteed the free development of their

intellectual faculties, the formation of a political conscience in the natural human groups will be the inevitable result of the new system. Once this is applied, the world will witness a *double process of the integration and disintegration* of States.

Thus it is that, using the instrument of freedom, the apparently insoluble problem—the monster German State, product of the Prussian centralised conception brought about by Bismarck for war and conquest—might perhaps by evolution tend towards a more stable and natural solution, thanks to that process to which we have referred. Were the historic German States restored to their political independence, and federated in the form they chose—it might happen that some of them would decide to federate in a different group—they would solve the grave problem of an endemic military Pan-Germanism.

In our opinion, the political organisation of Europe must necessarily be slow in readjusting itself to those opposing evolutionary processes. The machinery which regulates this peaceful and natural evolution—whatever it may be called—must be sufficiently flexible. Only the ruling principles and legal and coercive institutions indispensable to the exercise of freedom, should be established, broadly, and free from State prejudices, which reflect only national egoisms and private interests. This idea follows the lines of that of E. H. Carr in his book *Conditions of Peace*: 'We must begin by creating the framework of an international order, and then as a necessary corollary, encourage national independence to develop and maintain itself within the limitations of that framework.'

It is essential not to hide the truth of what the application of the ideals of democracy, freedom and social justice, the declared war aims of the United Nations, will mean. These postulates are worthless if in practice they do not lead us unfailingly to the transformation of human society, not only in the political, but also in the social, economic and military field.

Liberty, for the individual as well as for the nation, can have no limitations other than those of the common interest, as opposed to the racial supremacy, or class interest, invoked by the materialist interpreters of history, whether Marxists or totalitarians.

Freedom is indivisible; and wherever the democracies restrict its normal development, they will be committing an arbitrary act, a measure of oppression, all the more infamous when done in the name of that eternal ideal.

The already constituted States dislike the idea of dismemberment, although their unity may, in some cases, have been the product of violence. But these prejudices ought to disappear as the world comes to accept the fact that in the economic and military field at least, the States will have to cede willingly—since the constitution of super-State bodies cannot be contemplated without willing co-operation and on terms of equality—a part of their sovereignty to regional confederations or super-State bodies which would cover extensive territories. According to some thinkers, these would have to be world-wide, since it has been proved that States (even the most powerful) are incapable of solving these problems by themselves. There is general agreement upon the necessity for the permanent maintenance, after the war, of joint military and economic planning between States, or groups of States.

It is becoming more and more clear that the traditional political independence of States must be made compatible with their inter-dependence and solidarity in all those problems of *common interest* which do not form the soul of the nation, the very essence of this human society, its untransferable core.

Possibly the justice done by the Allies after the first Great War, in restoring to Poland and Czechoslovakia their political sovereignty, will have to be complemented by the cession, freely, on the part of both, of a portion of their sovereignty, compatible with their full national liberty, to a confederation, which might perhaps include even the Balkan States. A similar solution might also be found, by which the national States of Euzkadi, Castille, Catalonia, Galicia and Portugal could join the world concert, while each preserving its own personality, in spite of forming part, voluntarily, with other European States, of a western confederation conforming to geographical, historic, cultural or economic circumstances, and being based on the free will of the nations concerned.

The democracies have accepted the totalitarian challenge. The war imposed on them by the totalitarian beast of the Apocalypse is entering its decisive phase. The first faint rays of light are heralding the dawn of a new era for humanity. The democracies do not bear the major responsibility for this tragedy, but on the other hand, theirs will be the responsibility for the future peace. And history will demand a reckoning from them.

DOES THE ARMY NEED MORE DISCIPLINE?

This article has been sent in by a young officer

NOBODY pretends that the Army has been over-successful in this war; and it is difficult to argue that all our failures have been due to faulty or insufficient equipment. Our generalship has not always been inspired, or even sound; while, in the face of such unexplained disasters as the Malayan campaign and the fall of Tobruk, we must conclude that it is not only our generals who have sometimes been found wanting—that junior leadership has not been of the consistently high quality displayed in the last war, and that troops have occasionally lacked that steadiness and discipline which must always be the foundation of a reliable army.

These weaknesses are perhaps too deep-seated altogether to be corrected during the war. But we shall do well to consider the causes of them now, so that after the war the basic training of the professional army may be reorganised quickly to prevent former mistakes happening once more. Since the truth will no doubt be unpalatable to most forward-looking people, it should be stated at the earliest possible moment.

In the first place, the higher command: the pay and prospects offered the soldier are not such as to attract young men of promise and ability to adopt the Army as a career. Many fine commanders who are now proving themselves in our Army have, for the most part, been soldiers because they come from families accustomed to the service, or because the pay they received has not been an important matter to them. As the Treasury begrudged money to pay the soldier, so in peacetime it begrudged money to equip him properly with modern weapons. This was altogether a more serious matter, quite apart from material unpreparedness for war. Because although a few weapons may enable an army to train unit by unit in minor tactics—and the tactics of the regular Army were in fact excellent—commanders who are to handle army corps in battle must be allowed to practise extensively with troops and weapons beforehand. Our generals were denied such opportunities. So lessons which should have been learned in battles between Eastland and Westland on Salisbury Plain have had to be assimilated painfully since the war started.

So much for our major tactics, which have improved out of all knowledge during the last three years. A much more pressing problem is an apparent weakness in the very backbone of the Army, the fighting units. Our minor tactics have for at least five years been of a very high order. But too often in this war they have broken down while being executed by troops in battle. The reason—to condense a big problem into two words—has been *poor discipline*.

That is a sweeping statement, and it must be examined from its roots upwards. For many years it has been the fashion among a certain type of intellectual to deride the Army, and its soldiers, and the traditions, ideals, and technique on which they work. This fashion began with perfectly legitimate criticism of the narrow-mindedness and sluggishness of many old gentlemen then ensconced in the War Office; and, of course, the retired colonel was an obvious butt for a good joke. So far, all right. But with the rise of the vociferous, semi-pacifist intellectual—so admirably dealt with by Lord Elton in the chapter 'The Assault upon Morale' in his book *St. George or the Dragon*, this criticism deteriorated into abuse, limitless and unreasonable, embracing anything to do with the British Army. Everything the Army did was *ipso facto* wrong; all soldiers were fools—indeed, nobody was a soldier at all unless he was too stupid or too lazy to do anything else. The idea that Colonel Blimp personified the Army became so ingrained in the nation's mind that many sensible young men grew up to accept the idea, and dismissed the Army without further thought. They are today the rank and file, the N.C.O.s, the junior officers of that same Army.

This is not an attempt to damp reasonable, informed criticism. Yet in its later stages derision of the Army became a political platform—an easy platform, and therefore very popular—for people with undefined 'progressive' aspirations,

and for anybody who wanted to show himself truly democratic. For a professional army cannot be democratic in its workings. Its fundamental qualities must be the ability to *command* on the part of its officers, and the habit of *obedience* on the part of everybody in it. Discipline is undemocratic, and it is not difficult for ignorant persons to damn it for not being so; and then to jeer at the foundations of good discipline—good drill, personal smartness, regimental traditions, which give a man pride and confidence in his comrades and in himself—as being absurdities preserved to satisfy bone-headed brass-hats.

In view of the fact that the young men of the nation were so soon to be soldiers themselves, it was a pity that they should have been brought up to believe that our Army was old-fashioned and incompetent beyond all others. It was not a disaster as long as the professional army retained faith in itself, its traditions, and its practices. Propaganda is insidious stuff, and after some years, parts of the Army began to believe what they were told about themselves. To crown everything, not long before the outbreak of the war, a politician was appointed to be head of the War Office, who seemed determined to implement most of the military theories of the anti-militarists. So much for the way in which we prepared the Army for war.

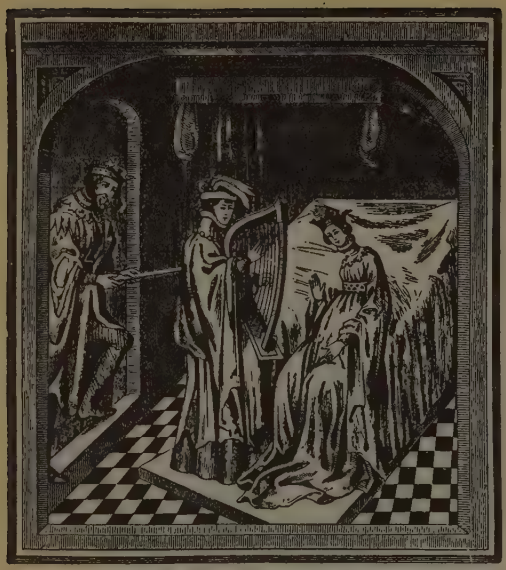
Even now in many units of the army not more than lip service is paid to what must always be the fundamental military quality—ordinary physical courage being taken for granted—and to the best methods of acquiring it that we know. Every war, and this more fully than most, has taught the lesson that, other things being equal, well-disciplined troops win their campaigns. Many people still doubt it; some still deny it because they feel, perhaps, that a complete personal surrender is more than can be expected of them. Some units have lost the art of real discipline, and cannot recapture it unaided.

Let us therefore face up to the fact that we must disentangle our political from our military ideals; that in an army everybody must know how to be subordinate, and that its officers and N.C.O.s must know when and how to be dictatorial. Let us not be ashamed to admit that *good* close-order drill and 'spit and polish' used properly are invaluable methods of teaching men discipline and military self-respect, and that corporate sense without which any unit may become a rabble. Let us admit that a regiment's pride in itself and in its traditions is a pearl beyond

all price, to be guarded most jealously. Let us admit all these things, and then act wholeheartedly. Half-heartedness is much worse than useless. We must either believe or disbelieve. There is no half-way house.

The value of the discipline that we thought out of date has proved itself again and again in this war, as has the pride and belief of a unit in itself. The question is now one of recovery of an art well-nigh lost by our neglect of it. The proudest and most sternly disciplined troops in the British Army—the troops, too, who have shown themselves to be the most stubborn and terrible enemies—are the five regiments of Foot Guards. They, almost alone, have never wavered in their beliefs or in their confidence in themselves. They, the citadel of the old military ideals, have vindicated those ideals not once, but over and over again. What others may have lost, partially or entirely, they retain in all their strength. It is to them chiefly that we must turn for our re-education in the bases of military training.

Let us hope, therefore, that the Brigade of Guards will abandon its *de haut en bas* attitude towards other regiments; and that other regiments will forget their occasional petty jealousies towards the Brigade of Guards. A *corps d'élite* ought not to be divorced from the rest of the Army. It ought to be close to it, helping in every possible way. Is it too much to ask that the Brigade of Guards may soon be adding another, and rather novel chapter to its already glorious history?



King Mark stabbing Tristran in the presence of Iseult. After a Miniature in a manuscript of the Fifteenth Century. In the National Library, Paris

LOVE AND THE WEST

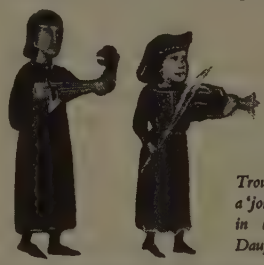
JAMES LAVER

JUST on the eve of the outbreak of the Second World War, M. Denis de Rougemont brought out a book entitled *L'Armour et l'Occident*, which created considerable interest on the Continent and was speedily translated, notably into English and Spanish. The English version, which was very well done by Mr. Montgomery Belgion, appeared in 1940 under the title of *Passion and Society*[1], and did not (perhaps owing to the storms which raged about its cradle) attract all the attention it deserved. For the book is nothing less than an attempt to diagnose the sickness of European civilisation. Our fever is reaching its crisis: the disease is of long standing. M. de Rougemont claims to be able to tell us where (and when) we picked up the germ.

He certainly seems to have peculiar qualifications for the task. He was born in French-speaking Switzerland less than forty years ago, was educated at Neuchâtel, Geneva and Vienna, and has been both a publisher in Paris and a lecturer at the University of Frankfurt. He knows, therefore, both France and Germany, and if he is (or was) more at home in France, his position as a Swiss Protestant (a 'Barthian') gives him a certain detachment, and enables him at least to escape from the temptation of thinking that he has explained everything when he has lamented the decline of *la civilisation latine*.

What he has to say has been at least hinted at in other quarters; even in England we are not entirely unaware (if we care for such things at all) of the revolution in sensibility which took place about the twelfth century, the consequences of which have had such far-reaching results on the modern soul. But there is certainly novelty in his daring attempt to impose a unity on so many seemingly unconnected facts, and the conclusions he comes to are of the greatest interest to all of us. Briefly, his thesis is as follows:

That wonderful twelfth century, which is usually conceived of as the Age of Faith, was in fact a period when orthodox Christianity was fighting for its very life. Everybody knows (or thinks he knows) about the troubadours; the historically-minded are even aware that the Albigensian Crusade was in some way connected with them, and resulted in the destruction of the flourishing civilisation of Provence. But it all seems very remote from our present discontents.



Troubadours—Perdigon, a 'jongleur'; and a knight in the service of the Dauphin of Auvergne

The Albigensians called themselves Cathari, that is, the 'Pure', and M. de Rougemont thinks there is only slight exaggeration in the statement of the learned Otto Rahn that 'most troubadours were heretics; every Cathar was a troubadour.' In other words, the whole of the love-language elaborated by the singers of the Langue d'Oc was a *blind*. Their 'ladies' were spiritual entities; their yearnings mystical ecstasies, and when they declared that their Church was AMOR they were merely spelling ROMA backwards.

Only those completely ignorant of the history of mysticism will regard such a thesis as too fantastic to be believed. In fact, in the Sufis of

[1] *Published by Messrs. Faber & Faber.*

The Troubadour Marcabru, a foundling of Gascony. Killed during the Second Crusade

Islam we have a completely parallel case. They, too, strove to conceal their doubtful orthodoxy in a luxurious cloud of bibulous and erotic phrases. It is even possible that there was some direct connection between Sufiism and the troubadours. Spain was the channel through which Arab mystical literature reached the West, and the extent of its influence has never been properly cleared up. It has even been suggested that Dante's *Divine Comedy* had an Arab original. But it is sufficient to note here that love-poetry can be the mask for what claims to be a more 'spiritual' interpretation of reality than orthodoxy offers.

Such a device, however, is not without its dangers. It is the fate of symbols and allegories to be taken literally once they leave the limited circle of the Illuminati, and this is what happened to the language of the troubadours. The success of the Catholic repression scattered them abroad, but what was scattered abroad with them was not so much a heresy on the theological plane as a new sensibility, a new way of looking at Love, and a new attitude to Woman.

Apologists have often claimed that it was Christianity that gradually raised the status of women. The truth seems to be that it was suddenly raised by Chivalry, and Chivalry was essentially heretical—it was a rival religion, and it raised the status of women by its new ideal of 'courtly' love, an ideal confined, of course, originally, to a small dominant social caste in twelfth-century Provence.

It has been suggested (but not by M. de Rougemont) that this curious development of the relation of the sexes was due to the habit of admitting the sons of the nobility to the princely houses as 'pages'. There they served a lady, so that a young man of good family had, for the first time in history, a *mistress* in the proper sense of the word, that is, someone to whom his devotion was due, but whom he could not marry. The troubadour's devotion to his 'lady' was precisely of this kind; and it is only the degradation of the chivalric ideal which has given the word 'mistress' its modern meaning in all the languages of Western Europe.

Be that as it may, 'courtly' love was a new thing. Whether on the high mystical plane on which it started or on the various descending planes of its degradation (down to the commercialised romanticism of modern Hollywood), it is evidently a protest against Christian marriage and a glorification of 'adultery'. The ancient world knew of 'passion', but regarded it as a disease. Now, for the first time, passion was *cultivated*, cultivated as the highest good, no matter what disaster it led to, in fact *because* it led to disaster. Romanticism, which is all derived ultimately from the troubadours, conceals what the Freudians call the Death Wish; and M. de Rougemont contends that this is implicit in the doctrine of the Cathari, which is only Manichæanism over again, that heresy from which St. Augustine so narrowly escaped. Manichæanism was essentially dualistic; it taught the evil of the world, and believed that the 'Fall of Man' was the descent of the spirit into matter. Therefore it led, on the one hand, to an exaggerated asceticism, and on the other to the feeling that nothing that the 'flesh' could do could hurt the spirit, and therefore led to exaggerated licence. This, at least, is the accusation which is brought against it.

It would be out of place in the present brief article to attempt the defence of Manichæanism, which some have regarded as the 'Buddhism in Christianity'[1], just as Sufiism is the 'Buddhism in Mahometanism'. M. de Rougemont's point is that while we have continued to pay lip-service to Christian ethics, so far as our emotional life is concerned we are all heretics, and have been since the twelfth century. Our literature gives us away, for literature is the fever-chart of human sensibility, and of the meaning of *our* chart there can be no possible doubt.

He certainly makes out a convincing case. He starts with what he calls the 'Tristan Myth', and devotes a considerable portion of his book to its analysis. He admits that its elements were derived from Celtic mythology, but claims that it was the twelfth-century interpretation which gave it new significance. In it 'courtly' mysticism found a story ready to its hand; and by its 'idealisation' of passion as something to be sought for rather than feared, it became the ancestor of the whole of modern European literature. If the whole of our culture is pervaded by an idealised eroticism, if the prospect of a passionate experience has come to seem the promise that we are about to live more fully and more intensely, it merely means that the Tristan story—the great European 'myth' of adultery—has become part of the permanent structure of our minds.

Basing himself upon the five twelfth-century versions of the story, and analysing with great subtlety its riddles and inconsistencies, M. de Rougemont tries to uncover the inner meaning of the 'myth'. For it is no *mere* adultery which is in question. If Tristran and Iseult merely desired to be rid of King Mark in order to go to bed

[1] Or rather, as the Shaktiism in Christianity, but the phrase would not be understood without elaboration.

The Troubadour Pons of Chapteuil. Said to have fallen in the Third Crusade

together, the tale would be without significance. They are 'in love', but strangely enough they do not seem to desire one another, or, if they do, they spend all their time in devising obstacles to the fulfilment of their wishes. This is because they are not in love with one *another*, but 'in love with love'. That is to say, what they are really seeking is a heightening of their own sensibility. Passion is suffering, but 'suffering and understanding are deeply connected; death and self-awareness are in league.'

So the 'myth' remained, exercising its occult influence on the European soul until in the seventeenth century the 'romance' got detached from it and turned into the novel, the mystical elements degenerating into pure psychology. Honore d'Urfé's aim was merely to moralise and to entertain, and his famous *L'Astrée* degrades the tragical into emotionalism and destiny into fictional machinery. In this connection M. de Rougemont makes the profound remark that 'in order to flower and to find its end in some independent piece of work, literature would seem to require the provisional drying-up of the deep springs that have watered it.'

Space is lacking to follow our author in his fascinating genealogy of modern literature, from *La Princesse de Clèves* through Corneille and Racine to *La Nouvelle Heloïse*, and onward to that 'new Albigensian heresy called "German Romanticism".' There is a particularly interesting chapter on Stendhal, the victim of 'a spiritual experience that went beyond what his materialistic beliefs could cope with.' The 'myth' reaches its completion in Wagner; and after that is popularised until its now altogether profaned content invades the contemporary mind in a flood of mass-produced novels, plays and (especially) films. The high mystical experience of the twelfth century, the *claim to passion* put forward by the romantics, has become 'a vague yearning after affluent surroundings and exotic adventures'. And so the long process reaches its final absurdity, its own 'happy ending'.

If our soul-sickness (if such it be) merely issued in 'literature', does it, the reader might well ask, really matter? But M. de Rougemont has another proposition to bring forward. He believes that our systematic cultivation of passion is obviously linked with our liking for war. 'Liking' may seem excessive; but men are known by their deeds, and the history of modern Europe has been one long conflict. The death-wish, the 'active passion of Night', is the secret Europe has always repressed—and preserved; it is, in M. de Rougemont's frightening phrase, 'the essential disaster of our sadistic genius'.

That there is an essential connection between the war instinct and eroticism it needed no Freud to tell us: the common figurative use of language is enough. Yet while the 'myth' was in its early stages Chivalry did much to humanise war. M. de Rougemont goes so far as to suggest that the gradual transformation which the European 'myth' of passion has undergone has followed the same course in the history of the methods of warfare and in the history of literature. The 'formal modes' instituted by Chivalry have been dissolved, with the result that war has now become *total* war and aims no longer at the mere *rape* of a neighbouring country but at its *murder*. It is possible, he suggests, that the war which began in 1939 may solve the problem of passion by abolishing civilisation altogether; but if not it will still remain to be faced in the world which is to follow the peace. How are we to resolve it? M. de Rougemont devotes the final chapters of his book to an attempt to find a solution.

Albertet, the son of a 'jongleur' (or minstrel) from Gap

This is, perhaps, the least satisfactory portion of the work. Our author suggests (and he makes out a good case) that the present general demoralisation is due to the strife in our minds and in our lives between two moral systems, one inherited from religious orthodoxy, but no longer sustained by a living faith, and the other derived from the cult of passion commercialised and

St. Dominic handing to an envoy of the Albigenses a book containing the profession of faith in the Christian truths; to the right, this book having been cast into the fire, is leaping out of the flames, whilst the heretic's book is being consumed. Predella of the 'Couronnement de la Vierge' by Fra Angelico, in the Louvre (Fifteenth Century)

profaned. If this is so (and the thesis seems convincing enough) one would expect him either to throw his weight into the scale of orthodoxy, or else to propose some other way out. From his previous arguments, one expects him to choose the former alternative and to tell us, as so many others have done, that the way of salvation is, after all, the path to Rome. Such a doctrine, whether one agreed with it or not, would at least have given the book a logical completeness, which it at present lacks.

Instead he proposes an 'attitude' which he admittedly puts forward less as a final answer than as what he personally has chosen. And what he has chosen is a frank acceptance of the obligations of the marriage tie. There he enters a realm of Protestant mysticism into which the present writer, at least, is unable to follow him. 'A fidelity,' he says, 'maintained in the Name of what does not change as we change will gradually disclose some of its mystery: *beyond tragedy another happiness waits.*' However true this notion may be for individuals it is difficult to imagine its having much effect on the divorce statistics of Europe or America, or doing anything to prevent the bankruptcy of modern marriage. Still less to abolish total war.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing is to do as the Russians have done. After a period of trial and error, they have decided that monogamy *is* the best method for bringing up a family. They accept it as a reasonable human relationship, and do not expect from it any mystical ecstasies at all. To do so is to become the victim of the very 'myth' of passion which M. de Rougemont so brilliantly analyses. The 'myth' can operate inside as well as outside the marriage bond, and if it operates inside it, is the enemy of happiness even more surely than if it operates outside. All this over-subtlety is really a function of the very disease it sets out to diagnose. What we need is a new simplicity, both in relation to our fellow-creatures, and (if one may presume to say it) in our relations to God. Kierkegaard, that dangerous guide, declared that the relations which finite and sinful man could have with his God were only those of a love *fatally* unhappy, and to this appalling doctrine M. de Rougemont, in spite of his criticisms of the Danish philosopher, seems to subscribe. Is the love of a child for its father fatally unhappy? 'Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

On the plane of history and politics we may at least attempt a similar simplification, and we may note here the danger of taking a superficial view of M. de Rougemont's thesis. It is dangerous because the idea of fatality so easily becomes an excuse for inaction. If we are to save ourselves, we must believe that human free-will can still operate, and that it can, if it will, choose life instead of death. M. de Rougemont has already, so far as marriage is concerned, chosen to seek 'perfection in imperfection'. We can do no better than adapt his formula to the ordering of our new world.

SCIENCE FRONT

WHY PEOPLE DIED IN 1942

THE Registrar-General's Report for the first six months of 1942 (January to June) has just been issued and makes interesting reading. It gives a picture in summary of life and death in this country, and is a useful guide to the doctor and the public health administrator of the relative importance of various illnesses, an importance they may not have realised as students when the rare and interesting cases got most of the discussion, and the common everyday conditions were but briefly treated. It is surprising to find, for instance, that no less than 13,317 people are recorded as dying of pneumonia in the first half of 1942, in spite of the introduction of the sulphonamide drugs, including the famous M. & B. 693. The number of pneumonia deaths has been steadily declining in the last few years, but we clearly have a very long way to go in the treatment of this disease before the doctor can really view it comfortably.

The lungs seem to be one of the weak organs of the human body, because tuberculosis (pulmonary) also accounted for no less than 11,828 deaths in the first six months of last year. Here there is no drug and no real treatment other than giving rest and good food, and so helping the body to fight off the infection; and that only works if the disease is discovered early. The tubercle germ is unlike most bacteria in being wrapped in a thin protective coat of fat which prevents all the drugs so far discovered from getting inside and killing it. So it grows slowly and quietly, and the tissues around it die and become fatty too, and as there is often no pain or bleeding, their presence can only be detected by the shadow the fatty mass casts on the film when the chest is photographed by X-rays. The Ministry of Health's plans for earlier diagnosis by mass radiography in this way should eventually show their value in a decrease in the annual death-rate from tuberculosis.

Cancer, as might have been anticipated, was far and away the commonest cause of death in bed: there were eight deaths every hour in the first six months of 1942, or a total of 35,240 people. When to this number of deaths is added the numbers who discovered they had it when it had not gone too far for surgical or irradiation treatment, and who consequently were cured, its importance as the commonest serious disease, or group of diseases rather, is well brought out. After this, the number who died from ulcers of the stomach and intestine (2,625), from appendicitis (976), and from diphtheria (988) begin to seem small, though it must be remembered that most of those who died from diphtheria need not have done so had they been previously actively immunised. It is a little difficult to understand why nearly a thousand people were permitted to die in six months, when by the single injection treatment beforehand they could have been saved: the treatment merely consists in injecting a small amount of the poison of the diphtheria germ, after it has been rendered harmless, in order to stimulate the body's resistance to the poison, and is completely safe.

Not content with this, 1,972 people committed suicide during the same period, and a further 2,744 were killed in motor accidents—over one hundred each week. These figures are influenced by the war, because there are fewer suicides in wartime—or at least in civilian life, and because the blackout has made driving more difficult. In all these statistics it has also to be remembered that many of the people whose deaths are recorded were old, and due to die in any case: if pneumonia had not claimed some of them this week, they would have died from heart failure next.

On the cheerful side is the report of a birth-rate of between 15 and 16 children per thousand people during 1942, the highest since 1932. If this were maintained in 1943 and 1944, and not merely the result of the wartime marriage rush, it would go a little way towards postponing the fatal day (not so very far off, so modern calculations show) when our population will begin to shrink faster and faster, and we shall become largely a land of old people.

THE STRAIN OF WAR

THE last war showed very clearly that some men are unable to stand the strain of being under fire, and as a result their unconscious mind takes control and they become ill: a frequent symptom is that they become paralysed in the hand and

so unable to fire a rifle, and yet after rest and psychological treatment they recover completely and regain the full use of their limbs. When the Blitz began it was expected that civilians would develop these war neuroses in large numbers, as the tendency had been in Spain during the Civil War. But apparently the British temperament is more stolid, for it was recently revealed at a conference of psychologists that the number of neurotic patients had been unexpectedly low, hardly larger than the normal peacetime rate.

Another idea prevalent before the war was that the psychoses—the various types of insanity, which are not easily curable in most cases—would also increase: people with a tendency to schizophrenia, for instance, which might never have developed further in ordinary civilian life, would find the strain of active army life sufficient to bring on the disease in noticeable form. In actual fact, matters have turned out rather differently. Under the guidance of the Army Medical Service, people showing signs of psychosis are treated earlier and with better prospects of cure than if they had been in civilian life, where treatment depends chiefly on the individual applying for it himself. In the case of schizophrenia, there is now a fair prospect of cure by one of the 'shock' treatments developed before the war: injection of a large dose of insulin, or electrical shocks, or injection of a convulsant drug. All these methods in some way shake the brain up and reduce the apathy of the patient, who becomes more normal after passing through a series of convulsions, startling to the onlooker but harmless to himself, and not to be confused with the brain disease, epilepsy.

Epilepsy itself is the name for a group of diseases where people have a spontaneous tendency to convulsions. Experience during this war has helped to disprove the popular idea that excitement will bring on a fit. Dr. Tyler Fox, in a recent article in the *Lancet*, reported that epileptics under his care were perfectly normal and calm during air raids, or the showing of exciting films.

Fits seem to be due to some functional disturbance of the brain itself. The recently developed electro-encephalogram, which records the electrical waves passing in our brains by means of two electrodes placed at different points on the skull, seems to show that, as a rule, epileptics have a different pattern of waves from normal people. If this turns out to be true, and it has to be tried on many cases before we can be sure, it will provide a way of diagnosing epilepsy without depending on the patient's story, and of determining objectively the severity of the illness and the progress of cure. But the method is still in its infancy, and must await extended trial.

This War, as in 1914–18, is thus putting to the test many cherished but unproved ideas, and stimulating the understanding of the brain and its diseases.

THE TRAIN'S UNCLE

JANUARY 9TH was the centenary of the death of William Hedley, one of the very first pioneers in the design of railway engines. Hedley had a good education, and in his twenties became a 'viewer' in the colliery at Wylan, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The owner of the colliery was Christopher Blackett, who had already, in 1804–5, seriously considered the possibility of rail transport and had an engine built to the designs of Trevithick, but did not put it into use. In 1811, Hedley, using models and a full-scale engine of his own design, demonstrated to Blackett the running of locomotives with smooth wheels running on smooth rails. And this led directly to the construction of the first locomotive engines, which were used for the transport of coal from Wylan Colliery to the staithes at Lemington, five miles down the river. The famous 'Puffing Billy' was one of these engines, built in about 1813; it is now in the Science Museum at South Kensington. Another is Hedley's 'Wylan Willy', which stands in the halls of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

It was these experiments of Hedley's at Wylan that stimulated George Stephenson to propose a similar venture at Killingworth Colliery. His engine 'My Lord' ran a successful trial in July 1814. Later, in 1822, he persuaded the Stockton and Darlington rail-road, which had intended to use horse-drawn wagons, to employ steam traction. Stephenson was appointed engineer, and on 27 September 1825, the first railway to carry goods and passengers was opened. His famous engine, 'The Rocket', was built for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway four years later. George Stephenson well deserves to be considered the father of railways, for the brilliant technical improvements were mainly due to him; but William Hedley deserves equal credit for the successful running of a line three years earlier, which did much to convince the public of the feasibility of rail transport.

BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART

REVIEWED BY JAMES EASTWOOD

He took a seat in the small Paris restaurant opposite mine, received by the *patron* with a deference subtly different from that offered to the casual guest. There was something in it of the lesser artist greeting the master, the homage rightly due to genius. He studied the *carte* with the attention of the virtuoso looking over a new composition, engaging the *patron* in earnest conversation. I was able to observe him closely. His suit was black and somewhat old-fashioned in cut. The ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur* graced his button-hole. His grey beard was short and carefully trimmed; his mouth fleshy but sensitive, his eyes strangely animated, the eyes of a saint or a child. Serene: the word sums up the whole man.

There he sat, alone and absorbed, consuming lobster with a finesse that was wonderful to behold. When he had done, he wiped his beard with exquisite grace. The chef was called and congratulated on the sauce, and, I think, received a hint as to how it could be bettered. Then, with a dignity worthy of a king, he quitted the place, receiving the renewed homage of waiters, chef and *patron*.

My curiosity got the better of me.

'Alas, monsieur,' said the *patron*, 'his like are vanishing from France. He does not perhaps spend as much as some of our clients. But what taste, what discrimination! He is a true *chevalier* of France. A man whom Brillat-Savarin himself would have been happy to call his friend.'

This was in the summer of 1939. Often since, when trying to recapture the spirit of France in the European blackout, the image of that old gentleman has been at the back of my mind, a symbol of almost painful nostalgia. A sentimental state of mind, you may think, betokening a lamentable disregard for realities. Paris was a home of the sweat-shop, a particularly vicious type of *entrepreneur;* intrigue, decadence, bad cooking as well as good. True, but a country should not be judged by the sum total of its defects. The spirit of its art and literature, the way its men and women eat, drink and make love: these things go deeper and make up perhaps not the least part of the 'realities'. And few French writers, I think, more truly reflect the essential spirit behind eating and drinking in France than Brillat-Savarin.

One morning I happened upon a copy of his *Gastronomy as a Fine Art*. Emphatically a book to possess. Despite the somewhat academic title of the French original—*Physiologie du Goût*—Brillat-Savarin was no recluse, like Montaigne. He was essentially a man of the world; a gentleman of rare distinction at a time when distinction was almost a commonplace. A judge, musician, philosopher and, by no means least, a gastronome, perhaps indeed the subtlest eater of all time. The *Physiologie* reflects all this. It is the work of a man in the midst of, and in love with, life. Not the erratic, violent love of youth, but rather a mature, steady, reasonable passion.

Hunger and thirst are natural phenomena, therefore eating and drinking are functions upon the proper fulfilment of which a part, at least, of human happiness depends. 'The senses, considered as one system,' he writes, 'are intended by the Creator for two ends: the preservation of the individual, and the continuation of the species.' And, 'the arts and sciences are produced directly by the natural demand of the senses to be kept in constant play and exercise.' This, of course, is a characteristically French attitude towards the appetites which differs strikingly from, say, English semi-indifference or German clumsiness. It is an artistic attitude befitting 'a feeble biped which has become lord of all creation.' Indeed, one of his fundamental truths runs: 'Animals feed, man eats; the man of sense and culture alone understands eating.'

Incidentally, the parallel between the French attitude to eating and love is worth noting, and plainly Brillat-Savarin has it in mind when he suggests that *les sensations de l'amour physique* comprise a possible sixth sense, and later that the pleasures of the table harmonise with all other pleasures and remain to console us for their loss.

Gluttony is anathema to him. 'Should the love

of good living pass to gluttony, voracity, intemperance,' he remarks, 'it then loses its name and advantages, escapes from our jurisdiction and falls within that of the moralist to ply it with good counsel, or the physician, who will cure it with his remedies.' Good living is moderate living, with a truly Epicurean regard for virtue.

These are the basic ideas of his philosophy. They are the ideas that gave French, and particularly Parisian, life its peculiar charm and made it the pattern for all Europeans of culture and refinement. But with what wit, urbanity and charming egotism he develops his theme! No aspect of the gastronome's character and conduct of life escapes him. He discourses on corpulence and its cure, leanness, dreams, exhaustion and death, as well, of course, as topics related more directly with food. Moreover, he gets as near as anyone, I think, to measuring that elusive thing, pleasure. For example, he introduces a fascinating series of gastronomic tests, by which he means 'dishes of acknowledged flavour and of such indisputable excellence that the mere sight of them, to a man of healthy organisation, moves every faculty of taste; so that men whose faces, under such circumstances, neither lighten up with desire nor beam with ecstasy may justly be noted as unworthy the honours of the sitting and its concomitant pleasures.' With a perspicacity worthy of Dr. Gallup or a mass-observer, he recognises that the same tests cannot be applied to all sections of society. He therefore distinguishes three series, adjusted to pockets of approximately £200, £600 and £1,200 a year, together with the appropriate reactions of the accomplished gastronome. Consideration for the reader in these days of austerity permits me to quote the first and most frugal test only.

'A large fillet of veal well larded with bacon and done in its own gravy; a country fed turkey stuffed with chestnuts; fattened pigeons larded and cooked to correspond; eggs dressed *à la neige*; a dish of *sauerkraut* bristling with sausages and crowned with a dish of good bacon. (Remarks: "By Jove! that looks well. Come on! we must do it honour.")'

So intensely does Brillat-Savarin experience his subject that the book often has the dramatic intensity of a realistic novel. Consider (to go from pleasure to pain) his description of a patient taking a dose of unpleasant medicine. 'That trusty adviser, the sense of smell, warns him against the repulsive flavour of the treacherous fluid; his eyes stare as at the approach of danger; disgust is on his lips; and already his stomach rises. Nevertheless, on being urged, he arms himself with determination, gargles his throat with brandy, holds his nose and drinks. Whilst the detestable beverage is in the mouth and in contact with the organ, the sensation is confused and the suspense intolerable; but as soon as the last drop is swallowed, the after-taste is felt, sickening flavours act and the patient's countenance, in every feature, expresses a horror and disgust such as no one dare encounter unless under the fear of death.'

It is, however, in the realm of manners that he sees the importance of the love of good living. It is a sound basis for friendship, and even for a happy marriage. It is a bond between nations, 'uniting them by the interchange of various articles of food which are in constant use.' It provides employment for innumerable worthy citizens; it increases the revenue. And, by the fame of her cooks, the prestige of France is enhanced abroad. His account of the financial provisions of the treaty of November 1815, which, it was thought at the time, would crush France, are interesting. France's enemies, then as more recently, brought to Paris a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary capacity. Soon the city became nothing but a huge, and highly profitable, refectory. France surmounted the economic crisis with ease. And it was indeed partly the fortune of war that helped to win for Paris her pre-eminence as a city of pleasure in the nineteenth century.

Thus epicurism has made smooth the work of statesmen and added to the pleasures of love. The delight of diplomatists in good living is well known; but our author will have none of the idea, by no means dead today, that women cannot, or at any rate should not, enjoy the pleasures of the table. 'The love of good living is in some sort instinctive in women, because it is favourable to beauty.' And then, somewhat disconcertingly in the phraseology of the advertisement, he proceeds: 'It has been proved, by a series of rigorously exact observations, that by a succulent, delicate, and choice regimen, the external appearances of age are kept away for a long time.' One wonders uneasily what profession Brillat-Savarin would have adopted had he lived today.

Invincible curiosity, close observation and flair enabled him to distinguish almost at a glance those disposed to epicurism. These fortunate persons are, we learn, 'for the most part of middling height. They are broad-faced, and have bright eyes, small forehead, short nose, fleshy lips, and rounded chin. The women are plump, chubby, pretty rather than beautiful, with a slight tendency to fulness of figure.' The unfortunates

whom Nature has not provided with a taste for the good things of life display, not unnaturally, the opposite characteristics.

But the *Physiologie* is full of quotable passages. It is because of this that it makes the almost perfect bedside book. Any page, opened at random, contains some delightful anecdote, some piece of wisdom, or curious fact. Unfortunately, it does tend to arouse desire for a more substantial sort of food, so harrowingly beautiful are the descriptions of certain dishes. And eating in bed, as I can testify, tends to banish sleep. For, as Brillat-Savarin very truly remarks, *à propos* of Roman feasts, 'the reclining posture must, in my opinion, have been awkward and uncomfortable . . . nor could eating have been a cleanly operation.'

Before attempting some general conclusions about this remarkable book, I feel impelled, to do its author full justice, to quote two brief passages which show the range of a philosophy that, at first sight, might appear more superficial than it really is.

'I feel tempted to put the desire for fermented liquors in the same category with the anxiety about a future state—both being unknown to the lower animals—and to regard them as the two distinctive attributes of man—the masterpiece of the last cosmical revolution.'

And: 'Like other critical acts in human existence, death itself is not unaccompanied by pleasure, when it is natural.'

It was, I think, Professor Mecklin, the eminent American scholar, who remarked that every age tends to create its own élite—the concrete embodiment of its most precious heart's desire. Brillat-Savarin, born in 1755, by his glorification of the world of the senses, was a true member of the élite of eighteenth-century France. During the Terror he became an *emigré*, first in Switzerland, then in America; he was essentially the cultured Frenchman, a Parisien by instinct, if not by birth, who survived the upheaval to carry on the tradition of polite living. He adapted himself admirably to changed conditions, and, indeed, in his book, published within a year of his death in 1826, are blended the optimism, somewhat naïve and rationalistic, of the eighteenth century with the more scientific social philosophy which became characteristic of the nineteenth. But the accent is decidedly on the former. He mourned the passing of the chevaliers and abbés, whose manners largely set the pattern of French life, outside the Court, before the Revolution drove them abroad or killed their spirit and sinecures were abolished. Brillat-Savarin would have had scant sympathy, I fancy, for the type of *bon viveur* that succeeded him. For, as the century advanced, and the pall of industrialism sank upon Western Europe, the art of good living became more of a pose than a confession of faith, the pose of the wealthy, the parvenu, the whole far-flung tribe of the Philistines. And yet, sad to relate, Brillat-Savarin, together with the great cooks and *maîtres d'hôtel*, paved the way for that modern symbol of the triumphant march of progress and money, the expensive and vulgar restaurant where the brandy glasses, as big as flower pots, are swilled round with hot water before the delectable stuff is poured in; and, conversely, those rather pathetic symptoms of change and decay, societies for the furthering of true appreciation of food and wine. Their influence was, of course, quite unconscious. These things are in the very nature of the deterioration of Western civilisation

Towards the end of the *Physiologie*, Brillat-Savarin describes a delicious dish called the Curé's omelette. He says: 'Let it be washed down with some good old wine, and you will see wonders.' Now to him 'to see wonders' is more than a happy phrase. It implies the working of a whole philosophy of life, the beatitude that comes from the perfect satisfaction of the senses.

To make the point illustrates the gulf that separates him from us. We have lost that virtue so characteristic of him—spontaneity. A hundred years of technical advance and increasing moral chaos have bastardised even his by no means immaculate conception of life. He was perhaps an early example of the modern man's habit of making a religion of the lower interests of life. Not, as the unfriendly critic would say, a religion of the stomach, but a religion of happiness based primarily on physical well-being. It is a religion that ultimately stultifies the meaning of life itself. But it would be churlish to part company with so charming a companion with such a thought. Let us rather say that he represents the splendid autumn of an old way of life.

We must advance to higher things, the pundits assure us, and no doubt they are right. But in the meantime, whatever happens, we must eat, and, life being a whole, in which everything has its just and proper place, eating should be done with zest and refinement. This, I think, is Brillat-Savarin's message for us today. His *Physiologie du Goût* was, and will remain, as Balzac has it, 'the very decalogue of gastronomers'. And to read him is certainly a literary feast.

Bien, Messieurs, Dames, vous avez là un excellent dîner!

'THE FEAR OF FREEDOM'[1]

REVIEWED BY F. CLARKE

This book is one of a series entitled *The International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction,* edited by Dr. Karl Mannheim

ONE is grateful to Dr. Fromm at the outset for coining a phrase that sums up so much. The age of optimism and enlightenment has indeed ended, the age when a belief that all men desire freedom was almost axiomatic. We have learned in bloodshed and destruction how ruinous can be the flight from freedom of men who, having looked at the *responsibility* which is its other face, have decided that they do not want it and that they cannot bear it, and so destroy all its props and guarantees in their desperate flight from it.

It is this realisation—that freedom is also responsibility, sometimes in terrifying form—which is having such a sobering effect upon the established democracies. They, too, have to face the question whether the optimistic theories of human nature that have dominated European and American thought for two or three centuries are as well grounded as we took them to be. In our English record we now go back beyond Locke to Hobbes, that relentless if pungent pessimist. It is significant that a distinguished Oxford philosopher recently published a penetrating critique of modern tendencies to which he did not hesitate to give the title, *The New Leviathan.*

Dr. Fromm's acute study may be regarded as a psychological analysis of modern man's predicament traced in the context of the historical influences that have brought it about. His conception of human nature is itself largely historical in form, as of a nature that changes in response to changing influences. The conception is so fundamental to his treatment that it must be quoted:

> 'Human nature is neither a biologically fixed and innate sum total of drives, nor is it a lifeless shadow of cultural patterns to which it adapts itself smoothly; it is the product of human evolution, but it also has certain inherent mechanisms and laws.'

Such a doctrine commits the author to an historical interpretation of the influences which have produced that condition of modern man that the psychological analysis reveals. Critics of the book may therefore adopt one or both of two lines of attack according as they concentrate upon the historical interpretation or the psychological analysis.

We may begin our summary with the latter. Briefly, it turns upon two distinctions which are to be regarded as closely connected. There is, first, a distinction between the negative and the positive aspects of freedom, freedom *from* and freedom *to*. Inclination and circumstance have led to a great over-emphasis upon the first, upon the emancipatory conception. So man escapes from the prison house of custom and despotism and an unselfconscious herd-solidarity, only to find he has no idea where to go now.

The second is a more subtle distinction, concerned with the process of individuation itself. As man becomes a self-conscious autonomous individual, now in possession of himself and no longer an item in a relatively primitive social group which functions as a whole, he both gains and loses. He gains in strength of *internal* integration and self-command. He can say: 'I am I.' But he loses *externally* in relatedness, in the sense of belonging, of having a home and being one of a family. He is through the briar-patch and finds not the expected Land of Beulah, but a bleak, cold upland where the wind blows shrewdly and there is no guide or friendly voice.

'Alone and nowhere to go' seems to sum it up. Dr. Fromm illustrates the condition by a reference to Adam and Eve losing Paradise as a result of their eating of the fruit of the tree whereby they now knew good and evil. Perhaps we may see a modern illustration in the figure of W. E. Henley shouting to keep his courage up:

> 'I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.'

Somehow that does sound pretty hollow now. One can imagine some amused demigod observing it and remarking, possibly with an American accent, 'Oh, is that so?'

But how does man get like that and how does he try to alleviate his state of aimless loneliness?

The answer to the first question is given in a striking piece of historical interpretation (Chapter

[1]By Erich Fromm, Ph.D. *Kegan Paul,* 15s.

III) which goes back to the century of the Reformation. The answer to the second is given in a chapter (V) on 'Mechanisms of Escape'.

Dr. Fromm takes Luther and Calvin as outstanding examples of the mental condition which had been induced in certain classes of European society in the sixteenth century by the circumstances of their situation. He is sure that in Central and Western Europe, not in Italy, is to be found the true seed-plot of modern Europe. (And, might we not add, of North America, too?)

He is equally certain, with some other distinguished authors, that the significant thread to follow is that of Protestantism. There the characteristic psychology is most plainly revealed.

The chapter in which Dr. Fromm develops this thesis is of profound interest. Briefly, he argues that the lower middle classes, typified in Luther and Calvin, found themselves in the sixteenth century in a dangerous, bewildering and unmanageable world. Menaced from above by the wealthy and powerful representatives of a rising capitalism and from below by restless masses of the poor and unprivileged, and, though ambitious, finding themselves quite unable to understand and profit by changing economic tendency, they were the early exemplars of that condition of 'alone and nowhere to go' which Dr. Fromm regards as characteristic of modern men. They reconciled themselves to this condition by a sort of *ersatz* solution involving an apparent contradiction. What they really sought was a satisfying sense of power and self-assurance, and this they did in what seems, at first sight, a most paradoxical way. They accepted the sense of worthlessness and powerlessness absolutely in their characteristic doctrine of Original Sin, and then more than restored themselves by exalting the power and majesty of God, to whom they had so utterly submitted. When he comes to discuss Nazism, Dr. Fromm finds in this solution the essential form of the *Führer-Prinzip*.

The chapter on 'Mechanisms of Escape' goes on to show how closely associated tendencies of sadism and masochism arise out of this general attitude. Though the two tendencies seem so sharply opposed, the one involving possessive domination over another, and the other abjectness and the willing acceptance of suffering at the hands of another (or even of one's self), they are akin in that a close identification with the life of another (*symbiosis*) is the pivot of the mechanism in either case.

This is a most revealing chapter, illuminating much that is obscure in the motives and emotional tendencies of modern man. By a brilliant stroke Dr. Fromm calls in as a symbol of the whole complex of phenomena—Mickey Mouse!

'The one theme—in so many variations—is always this: something little is persecuted and endangered by something overwhelmingly strong, which threatens to kill or swallow it. . . . People would not be ready to look continually at the many variations of this one theme unless it touched upon something very close to their own emotional life.'

In fact, Mickey *is* the spectator; that is how *he* feels. The happy ending is the real centre of the spectator's attraction, but:

> 'His salvation lies mostly in his ability to run away and in the unforeseen accidents which make it impossible for the monster to catch him.'

In two closing chapters the author applies his central thesis to a diagnosis of Nazism, which has arisen, significantly enough, in Germany—and to an analysis of the weaknesses and needs of democracy. In this way he maintains the interest and relevance of his study right to the end.

Two main criticisms suggest themselves of a book where the historical and psychological arguments are, if anything, almost too neatly interwoven. In the first place there are manifestations in Germany and elsewhere to show that Protestantism is more diversified in its origins and inspiration than Dr. Fromm suggests, in particular that it is not so exclusively the product of sixteenth-century economic conditions as his argument seems to require. There is danger as well as gain in the modern habit, due, no doubt, to Marx, of ascribing psychological change so exclusively to economic change.

Secondly, Dr. Fromm's treatment, in the last chapter, of the 'integrated individual', the attainment of which he regards as the true remedy, leaves one unsatisfied. He comes dangerously near to regarding inescapable social influences and those 'cultural' attainments of habit and belief and sentiment which are of the very substance of concrete personality as though they were so many subtractions from it. Is he still under the influence of that inveterate dualism of thought about Self and Society which led Mill, for instance, to his strange distinction between self-regarding and other regarding virtues? It would seem that no remedy is possible until in our thinking we can transcend that kind of distinction. Perhaps that is the lesson which the struggle against totalitarianism is to teach us.

SHORTER NOTICES

DIPLOMATIC PETREL

By Sir Thomas Hohler. *Murray*. 15s.

In their bearing on current events, the most interesting passages in this attractive book of a diplomat's memories are those relating to four years spent in Japan and the impressions then formed of the Japanese people. When Sir Thomas Hohler arrived in Tokyo the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had just been concluded and the Russo-Japanese War was imminent. It was, he says, a moment of definite change. That their alliance with us—their first treaty with a Great Power—contributed largely to a new-found feeling of self-confidence goes without saying. Sir Thomas Hohler stresses its value to ourselves, and it is worth recalling that, had Lord Lansdowne had his way, the Alliance would have been extended to include India. It is idle, if fascinating, to imagine the effect such an enlargement of the Treaty, and its continuance, might have had on the subsequent course of world affairs. The author says emphatically that the abandonment of the Alliance was 'one of the most cardinal mistakes in our foreign policy' he can remember. He got to know the Japanese very well; far better than most illusion-bred Europeans. The Russians, for example, thought that the Japanese, like other eastern peoples, were 'a nettle to be grasped firmly, and failed to appreciate they were more like barbed wire.' Their misfortune, he says, lay in their proximity to America. They took American defects for foreign virtues and copied them, and the Americanised Japanese were apt to be ill-mannered, conceited and irreverent. But with the dropping of the Alliance their eyes turned further afield for inspiration.

Sir Thomas Hohler became known in the Diplomatic Service as the Stormy Petrel, because revolutions and other disagreeable incidents so often appeared to salute his appointment to a new post. Happily his own record is signally free from disagreeable incidents. The worst of his indiscretions was to refer to Menelik, in a report to Sir Edward Grey, as 'the old man'. King Edward VII noted in the margin: 'This is very wrong· he should have written "the aged Sovereign".'

The spacious days of the old régime are brightly reflected in a St. Petersburg episode of 1899, when the Emperor and Empress dined at the British Embassy. Forty-two people sat down and *the whole dinner came from Paris*. 'The Grand Duchess Vladimar had a bottle of wine spilt down her back, but later in the evening, when signing her name in the book, she managed to get her own back by upsetting a bottle of ink over the Ambassador's wife.'

The Petrel's diplomatic career by no means ends with this book. The curtain falls on his narrative, I hope temporarily, at the end of the last Great War.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

'You can't put it down. Every chapter ends in the middle of a sentence' S.R.L.

AMERICA AND THE AXIS WAR

By Denys Smith. *Cape*. 15s.

A detailed and fairly sober newspaperman's account of American reactions to European affairs since the end of the last war. In his two opening chapters Mr. Smith sketches the background of Isolationism, and shows how wide has been the gap between Congress, for so long swayed by isolationist sentiment, and the State Department. The subsequent chapters are in effect variations on this theme, the isolationists spoiling the harmony with noisy dissonance. It is salutary to remember that the isolationists made use of many sound ideas in defending an unsound policy. Isolationist pacifism no more makes for peace than does appeasement pacifism. Let us hope that after the war the sometime isolationists use some of their old arguments to further genuinely international collaboration. It is necessary to love the things that make for peace as well as peace itself.

JAMES EASTWOOD

STUDIES IN DIPLOMACY AND STATECRAFT

By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

In these days when histories of the war issue from the publishers' presses 'as thick as leaves on Vallombrosa', when facts are so trimmed to fit conflicting theories as to make the diligent reader's head spin with bewilderment, it is pleasant to greet again the solid and unpretentious work of a professional historian who writes neither for ephemeral notoriety nor for the sake of a best-seller's royalties.

Dr. Gooch's latest work is a collection of ten studies on international politics, previously delivered as lectures or published in the more serious journals of opinion. They have been revised and brought up to date.

The first five studies are devoted to European power politics between 1870 and 1914. Dr. Gooch traces the uneasy course of history from the foundation of the Hohenzollern Empire to the outbreak of World War I. He shows how 'the edifice which collapsed in 1918 was erected in 1871, when military hegemony in Europe passed from Paris to Berlin.' As co-author with Professor Temperley of *British Documents on the Origins of the War*, Dr. Gooch has had access to the secret diplomatic archives of the period and this material helps to build up a detailed panorama which advances with all the inevitability of a Greek tragedy to the debacle of 1914. The diplomacy of such great figures of the European scene as Bismarck, Bülow and Sir Edward Grey is minutely discussed, and we see how the insoluble problem of Franco-German reconciliation, coupled with Britain's abandonment of her policy of isolation and Balance of Power in Europe by going into partnership with France, led finally to conflagration.

The sixth study, dealing with British Foreign Policy, 1919–39, is naturally of particular interest. Obviously not so detailed or as fully documented as the preceding studies since official archives are not available, it nevertheless traces with singular clarity Britain's part in the tangled skein of European and World politics since Versailles. Of this period Dr. Gooch writes: 'British policy from 1931 onwards struck even friendly observers as revealing a certain weariness, exhaustion, lack of will, lack of nerve, as of premature old age.'

Dr. Gooch concludes with a mixed batch of subjects. From the student's point of view the book has one fault. There is no index.

J. L. MURRAY

TORCH AND CRUCIBLE

By Sidney J. French. *Princeton University Press and Humphrey Milford.* 21s. 6d.

It is a hard fact that a new discovery almost invariably evokes suspicion and anger. If it be a scientific discovery, jeopardising cherished beliefs, challenging tradition, even scientists have been known to behave in a deplorably unscientific manner. Antoine Lavoisier's discovery of oxygen brought him into violent collision with those elder statesmen of science who were indissolubly wedded to the phlogiston theory, attributing a sort of 'spirit of fire' to all combustible matter. Priestley (to say nothing of Scheele) had also discovered oxygen, though obstinately calling it dephlogisticated air, and enemies were inclined to regard Lavoisier as a thruster, none too scrupulously disposed towards the property of his scientific contemporaries. This biography strongly emphasises the rôle to which a logical, mathematical theorist is inevitably cast if the laboratory excitements of mere experimenters are to be translated into an abiding contribution to human knowledge. But Lavoisier was not guillotined by his brother scientists, though it was injudicious of him, as events were tragically to prove, to fall foul of a certain Dr. Marat. Neither his scientific achievements nor the wide range of his sociological interests sent him to his death, however blatant the assertion that the Republic 'had no need for scientists'. Nor was it as a Liberal and Humanitarian that he mounted the tumbril. He was guillotined as a 'bloodsucker'. It was his misfortune to have invested his money in the *ferme générale* and, by so doing, to have identified himself, at least in revolutionary eyes, with financiers and oppressive tax gatherers. Here is indeed a thrilling history, even if the reader's acquaintance with chemistry is of the most elementary.

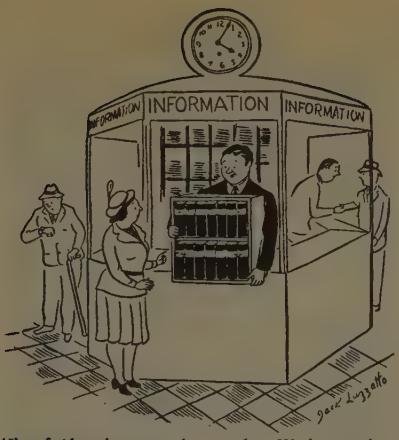
P. MACER-WRIGHT

WAR IN THE WORKSHOPS

By Jack Owen. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 1s. 3d.

This is a survey of the problems facing the engineering industry and a plan for their solution by a working engineer with inside knowledge. The author, a former contributor to the *Daily Worker*, explains what can be done now in order to increase production in our factories and to hasten the introduction of a single plan of control. A small book, but one worthy of results.

A. I. MORRISON



'I'm afraid you've stumped me, madam. Won't you please accept this encyclopædia?' S.R.L.

THE WEALD OF YOUTH

By Siegfried Sassoon. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

This is the second part of Mr. Sassoon's autobiography. It covers the period between the year 1907 and the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. It deals mostly with Mr. Sassoon's first and somewhat faltering steps as a writer. He tells us modestly of his early attempts at writing poetry. There are interesting accounts of meetings with such famous literary men as Sir Edmund Gosse, Rupert Brooke, W. H. Davies, Sir Edward Marsh. The picture of Gosse, who was a friend of the family, is particularly vivid. But Mr. Sassoon is not solely concerned with his literary ventures. There are interludes in which he describes the concerts he has attended, cricket matches with the Blue Mantles Club, golfing holidays, hunting in Warwickshire, point-to-point races in which he took part riding his horse 'Cockbird'. Mr. Sassoon has a wonderful power of evoking the past, and he does so in prose of rare beauty. Here is a passage at the end of the book, when the author had realised that war was inevitable, and had determined to join up as soon as possible: 'Lit by departing day was the length and breadth of the Weald, and the message of those friendly miles was a single chord of emotion vibrating backward across the years to my earliest rememberings. Uplifted by this awareness, I knew that here was something deeply loved, something which the unmeasurable timelessness of childhood had made my own. I knew it as something worth losing, and saluted it with feelings of farewell.' O. R. CLARKE

PEOPLE UNDER HITLER

By Wallace Deuel. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12s. 6d.

From 1934 to January 1941, Mr. Deuel was Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, and this book is the fruit of his experiences. But it is not the record of hectic comings and goings, midnight 'phone calls, luncheons with Minister X and Ambassador Y that the somewhat long-suffering public has grown to expect from foreign correspondents. It is that very different and infinitely more valuable thing: a well-written and sober accumulation of evidence of what the Nazi régime means to the German people in terms of work, leisure, food, drink and love—that is, the stuff of their, and any other people's, existence. It is a depressing picture. What, asks Mr. Deuel, made the Germans succumb to Hitler? He distinguishes four principal causes: 'A fundamental crisis of faith by which the whole Western world was stricken, the defeat and disaster of the First World War, the post-war inflation, and the world economic depression.' This brief quotation indicates the quality of Mr. Deuel's thought. He diagnoses the German trouble as a sense of inner insecurity. While in no way minimising the German share, he implies that responsibility for this war is a common responsibility. We—and here 'we' means the citizens of the world, and Europe in particular—need, as Mr. Deuel puts it, 'a faith in things that are worth, not only fighting and dying for, but also worth living for.' Without it we, too, suffer from a sense of inner insecurity, to obtain relief from which we, too, are in danger of falling for support on to that shoddy crutch called totalitarianism, which rapidly changes from support into strait-jacket. The problem of the German soul is the problem of the European soul writ large. JAMES EASTWOOD

'Be a good boy, Joseph, or I will appoint you Field-Marshal . . .' From *My Patience is Exhausted* (62 Political Cartoons by Stephen). *John Murray.* 2s. 6d.

ESCAPE FROM HOLLAND

By Liesje van Someren. *Herbert Jenkins.* 5s.

Unless extremely well told—which this is not—stories of escape from the occupied countries have the lethargic effect of one-time funereal church bells: each one is so much like the last.

For several months prior to May 1940 there had been signs of Nazi activities in Holland: queer inexplicable shooting of Verey lights, odd frontier incidents, cancellations of leave. Holland slumbered on, lulled to a sense of false security by the thought of her *waterlinie* to be rudely awakened one Friday morning by the ugly roar of Hitler's black-painted bombers.

Three warnings from the British Consul General were sent to the author's English husband, all written in that cold, terrifying official English; all ignored. It might be said that this small family asked for their subsequent harrowing adventures: but this must be said in extenuation—they were not alone in their blindness.

LESLEY SAXBY

BEST SPORTING STORIES

Chosen by J. Wentworth Day.
Faber & Faber. 8s. 6d.

Mr. J. Wentworth Day—himself no mean fist as a writer of sporting literature—has assembled a collection of *Best Sporting Stories* (in the short story sense).

One of the stories, Roland Pertwee's 'The River God'—the tale of a small boy who hooked a big salmon—is a great short story. Two of the stories—Conan Doyle's boxing yarn 'The Croxton Master', and Kipling's tale of a polo pony 'The Maltese Cat'—are justly famous. A fourth—one of Somerville and Ross's delicious anecdotes of fox-hunting in Ireland—is, technically speaking, no more a short story than a chapter from *Handley Cross.* Of the remaining thirteen contributions to the collection—covering rugby, motor-racing, deer-stalking, golf, cricket, rowing, sailing, archery, buck-hunting, ice hockey and (unexpectedly) a feud between neighbours in Ireland—I am astonished that, in a country as rich in sporting literature as this one, the short story writers should have produced such unrepresentative mediocre stuff.

Not that I've got any quarrel with Mr. Wentworth Day. For my part, I can only recall one short story with a sporting background—apart from the three good ones he's already put in the book—which ought to be included. And that, Saki's shooting story 'The Open Window'.

D. MACDONALD HASTINGS

INAGUA

By Gilbert C. Klingel. *Robert Hale.* 18s.

Books about islands are invariably fascinating, and this record of two visits—one forced and the other by choice—to Inagua, second largest island of the Bahamas, is no exception. Setting out from Baltimore in a small sailing boat to do biological research in the West Indies, the author's plans were upset by a violent storm which wrecked his craft on Inagua's coral reef. He managed to salvage some of his belongings from the wreck, and for the next six months this island, some 800 square miles in area but very sparsely populated, was his home. He found there scenes of exotic, almost unbelievable beauty, an island of surprises and of great opportunities for his research work. After a lapse of some years Mr. Klingel returned to Inagua and explored the wonders of the coral reef some thirty feet under the sea. His descriptions of those under-sea trips form one of the most fascinating parts of the book.

R. MILES

THE TATRA MOUNTAINS

V. A. Firsoff. *Lindsay Drummond.* 10s. 6d.

Little is known in Britain of the Tatra. Hidden away on the Czech-Polish border, scarcely reaching the permanent snowline, they have never been publicised and climbed by the travelling English with the same enthusiasm that has been lavished on the Alps, the Dolomites and even Corsica.

Mr. Firsoff's book should help to alter that. Here, in 130 pages of photographs and text, he describes not only the climbing and ski-ing, but the folklore, flora and history, of these magnificent rock mountains.

When the fighting is finished they may become a second Playground of Europe, providing for the pure rock-climber what the Alps provide for the mountaineer.

R. W. CLARK

CONSCIENCE AND SOCIETY

By Ranyard West. *Methuen.* 15s.

Transference of *loyalty* from nation to World Community necessitates corresponding transference of organised *power.* The bases of modern thought in Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau are examined in the light of psychological understanding of aggressiveness. Regulative law must supersede mere 'promises' in international affairs.

The author's first-hand psycho-analytical experience and wide acquaintance with political philosophy make this a powerful (and provocative) study.

R. J. DOIDGE

ENGLAND'S SERVICE

By Sarpedon. *Macmillan.* 6s.

So impressed is this author with the state of England in the nineteenth century, when through the activities of her merchants, banks, and money market she 'controlled' the markets of the world, that he maintains the best 'Service' that England can render to the world in the future, is to resume this rôle once again.

Although there is no doubt some truth in his statement that 'England's National Income is primarily based on Foreign Trade, on Shipping and Insurance and on Foreign Investments', he undoubtedly overstates the case when he goes on to say that 'without these activities England would be as thinly populated and as poor as Ireland', and his further assumption that two-thirds of our pre-war national income could be attributed to commerce and foreign investments is also open to question.

He also seems to have overlooked the fact that the U.S.A., to say nothing of other nations, would hardly welcome 'control' of all the world's trade by London merchants.

The book is interestingly written and contains much valuable information, particularly in the chapters describing nineteenth-century money, and the growth of the banks and finance houses. The fact that throughout the book the author speaks of England and London, shows how little he appreciates that there are other parts of Great Britain which are not Threadneedle or Lombard Street.

EDWARD HOLLOWAY

WARFARE IN THE AIR
THE R.A.F. AT WAR SINCE THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

By Sydney E. Veale. *Pilot Press.* 4s. 6d.

Over two years of stern tests have proved that the R.A.F. is sound in organisation, training and equipment. This book, a sequel to *The R.A.F. at War*, deals with the exploits of the R.A.F. since the Battle of Britain, and contains many magnificent photographs of new aeroplane types from British and American factories—and what a formidable list it is with the Defiants and Havocs, Thunderbolts and Lightnings!—with descriptions of the purposes for which they have been employed in our latest campaigns.

Mr. Sydney E. Veale, who was formerly assistant secretary of the Air League and Editor of *Air Review*, has done a good job of work, and the publishers must be praised for such a splendid production.

L. BLYTH

'Tonight I think I'll go to bed before the murder'

NEW YORKER

H.M. CORVETTE

By Nicholas Monsarrat. *Cassell.* 2s.

'A corvette', as the writer so picturesquely puts it, 'would roll on wet grass', and life aboard one of these little ships is about as far from a picnic as one could imagine. From his own two years' experience, Lt. Monsarrat has drawn material for a short account of the work these corvettes do and the hazards they run. Most of his time has been spent on convoy work in the North Atlantic, and his record is a grim, though humour-spiced, reminder of what is involved in the ceaseless battle against submarine and long-range bomber—to say nothing of weather—in that ocean.

Lt. Monsarrat has lost none of his ability (shown earlier in a novel which never received its just praise, *This is the Schoolroom*) to paint a vivid picture in a few powerful strokes.

LESLEY SAXBY

PLAN FOR PERMANENT PEACE

By Hans Heymann. *Allen & Unwin.* 16s.

'The rise of dictators and other power politicians was the logical and unavoidable consequence of the dusty old mercantilist, protectionist, and supernationalist errors.' Starting from this sound major premise, Professor Heymann pleads powerfully for a world-wide economic and financial system with a 'Bank of Nations' as its corner stone. It is, as he says, essential to develop this 'social capitalism' in such a way as will entail a minimum sacrifice of our democratic heritage. The trend towards totalitarianism today is strong. The necessity for certain forms of planning must not blind us to the fact that the rebirth of 'spiritual man' will only come when man has been liberated from materialism. Professor Heymann was economic adviser to the German Foreign Office from 1921 to 1932.

JAMES EASTWOOD

RETREAT IN THE EAST

By O. D. Gallagher. *Harrap*. 8s. 6d.

In his vividly written survey of the muddling incompetence which lost us Malaya and Burma, Mr. Gallagher exposes the complacency of both officials and civilians. In Rangoon, Lease-Lend material destined for China was left unloaded for weeks—and then had to be destroyed when the city was evacuated. In contrast the author cites the heroism of British and Gurkha troops in the jungle; the astonishing success of the American Volunteer Group and the R.A.F.; the co-operation of the Chinese. The same tale again: inferiority in all but courage caused the Allies to retreat. Mr. Gallagher is well-informed and as bitter as a well-informed man should be.

REGINALD MOORE

'I can't remember whether the reviews said it was "cosmic" or "comic".' S.R.L.

THE MAN WHO STAYED TO SUPPER

By Sydney Horler. *Herbert Jenkins*. 7s. 6d.

Sebastian J. Twitt was aptly named. An obedient husband, dutiful father and excellent Civil Servant, he was, in short, a pillar of rectitude. But he threatened to crumble badly when the delectable Lavinia Smith unexpectedly smiled at him over lunch one day. There followed a few delirious meetings, but poor Twitt was not allowed to linger long in the Elysian fields of Hyde Park: he was spotted and thereafter gently but effectively blackmailed by an out-of-work actor in need of ready cash, who eventually chiselled his way into the Twitts' respectable N.W.8 household. The effect he produced, if not quite as riotous as that caused by *The Man Who Came to D nner*, is more satisfying to the wartime reader, who prefers his fiction—at least—nicely rounded off.

A light, amusing piece of work which proves that Sydney Horler's deft touch is not confined solely to tales of mystery and detection.

LESLEY SAXBY

THE DEMOCRATIC ADVANCE

By Edward Mousley. *Andrew Dakers*. 6s.

Essays in political theory may sound a trifle academic in times of violent crisis, but if one accepts the view that this war is being fought on the political as well as the military plane, such speculation becomes not irrelevant but urgent. Mr. Mousley almost despairs of our political ineptitude and himself drafts a Grand Plan for Democracy.

It is maintained that in our task of steering the World Revolution, which is the War, in the democratic direction, we require a dynamic. Hitler has a dynamic as well as the *Wehrmacht;* his conquest of Europe is not merely military. It is the consolidation of political and economic power over a Continent whose heart and brain is the Reich and whose rule cannot be overturned merely by armed power. To conquer, without canalising this revolution which we now endure, would be to leave anarchy and the quick-maturing seeds of later wars.

In language often cumbrous, and sometimes pretentious, the thesis is developed that our salvation can only be won by a United States of Democracy, a Federation based on Power. Ultimately the world is to be encompassed in what is essentially a Liberal State.

Mr. Mousley does not take sufficient note of the socio-economic system of the U.S.S.R., and lumps Russia without a qualm into the Democratic Commonwealth. He omits a definition of Democracy itself, though his aim seems to be a twentieth century Benthamism within a Federal framework based on Power.

This book does not supply a new Philosophy, but it reveals the need for one, which is the first step.

ROBERT BRUCE

CZECHOSLOVAK LITERATURE

By Paul Selver. *Allen & Unwin*. 2s. 6d.

Writings in the Czech language date back to the eleventh century. In this short but comprehensive outline, Mr. Selver traces the history of Czechoslovak literature from that time, through its so-called 'golden age' in the sixteenth century and subsequent vicissitudes, to its full flowering in the last hundred years. Very few of the authors mentioned will be familiar to English readers, and the book, within its limitations of space, is an excellent guide to a literature in which Karel Capek is a great, but not—as so many of us are apt to think—solitary, name.

R. MILES

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH

By Virginia Woolf. *Hogarth Press*. 9s.

Some of these essays have been printed before, in various periodicals, and — says Leonard Woolf—'I do not think that Virginia Woolf ever contributed any article to any paper which she did not write and rewrite several times.' But the collection contains also work that had advanced no further than typescript 'in a rough state', of which *The Death of the Moth* is a notable example. So exquisite a piece of work is it that it compels me to wonder if the polish so scrupulously applied to other writing invariably justified the labour it entailed. Virginia Woolf, however, had to conform to her own lofty standards, whatever the pains involved. In her eyes best might always be made better. 'It is something to have learned how to write', she quotes from one of Henry James's letters; to her the lesson could be regarded as ended only with an epitaph. But it is, alas, only the sensitive and self critical writer who willingly submits to discipline, even if self imposed, and the artist alone who produces, as Virginia Woolf did, the illusion of swift, yet leisurely, excellence. Along what arduous and thorny paths must she have pursued the right, the one appropriate word! To her, words were 'the wildest, freest, most irresponsible, most untamable of all things.' Irreclaimable vagabonds, she called them. 'All we can say about them as we peer over the edge of that deep, dark and only fitfully illuminated cavern in which they live—the mind—is that they seem to like people to think and to feel before they use them. . . .' They ' seem to have liked' Virginia Woolf. PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

By James Burnham. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

This book, published in America in 1941, made a 'profound impression'. It merits a similar fate here, if only through the skilful exposition of his theory and the fact that his own personal interests and hopes are in conflict with the conclusions of this theory. Mr. Burnham is exclusively concerned with the presentation of 'the theory of managerial revolution', which is able to explain the present 'transition' period and to predict the type of society in which the transition will result. He maintains that capitalism has virtually lost its power and that the control of the world is passing into the hands of the managers. Chapters on 'The Russian Way' and 'The German Way' prove interesting sidelights. The author is at pains to define the limits within which he has tackled the subject; nevertheless the book should give rise to considerable controversy. A. I. MORRISON

A STAR FELL

By H.H. The Ranee of Sarawak. *T. Werner Laurie*. 8s. 6d.

On the death of his parents little Rama Chandra, native of Sarawak, was taken to the Mission School, where the carelessly chosen words of a preacher led him to believe he could bring about the birth of a new Christ. Thereafter he devoted his whole life to the fulfilment of this belief—with tragic results. An appealing story—and an indictment of missionaries who teach the letter and not the spirit of Christianity. LESLEY SAXBY

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hails it as 'one of the frankest, clearest, and most informing books upon the contemporary world revolution I have ever read. . . .'

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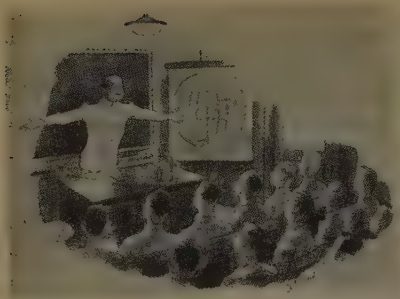


'Now an ocean spreads out endlessly—all water—sometimes ruffled by things we call waves' NEW YORKER

SOCIAL STRUCTURE

By Henry A. Mess. *Allen & Unwin.* 6s.

Dr. Mess presents a brief but masterly analysis of the subject matter of Sociology: the nature and bases of society, social heritage, social groups, government, religion, education, etc. The many forces which make our societies what they are—and of which we are only partly conscious—are indicated. The plasticity of human nature is stressed: 'our lives are moulded but they are not determined.' Men have achieved much mastery over inanimate and animal creation. Now, by scientific exploration of social relationships, a more hopeful phase for mankind is made possible.

R. J. DOIDGE

FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE

By Robert St. John. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

Robert St. John saw it all: the children's revolution, when anti-Axis jingles were scrawled on the playgrounds of Belgrade, bloody Sunday, the ox-wagon army of the Slavs, and the soldier who piteously asked 'What is a tank?'; the blasting of Corinth as the two Allied divisions stumbled out towards the Mediterranean; and Crete, 'an island of confusion, disorganisation and fear even before the Germans started dropping their parachutists.'

The story of the ignorance and stupidity of the British envoys in the Middle East does not make pretty reading. The book gives the first detailed account of the disastrous Yugoslav collapse with its musical comedy officers on the one side and its Grand Guignol tank drivers on the other.

St. John, who followed the Yugoslav Government along the snowed-up mountain roads where skid-chains were prized even above food, has produced not only a fine book but a valuable contribution to history.

R. W. CLARK

MIDNIGHT HOUR

By 'Nicodemus'. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Using the name of the man who came to see Christ at night, 'Nicodemus' has written a sensitive and introspective account of himself during the period May 1 to September 30, 1941, itself a tense period of the war. Obviously much had gone on in the writer's life before he got to this period, but here, as it were, the darkness flowered, and 'Nicodemus' stepped into the light. He returns to the church of his fathers, and provides one of the best apologies for a 'national' church that I have read.

'Nicodemus' has accomplished a very brave piece of writing of which we have had very little in the confused years between the wars. Only suffering and spiritual agony produce this kind of writing, and in seeing 'Nicodemus' the reader also sees himself and the chaos of his own world. Against the bleak background of early 1941 this human drama goes on. The final way of 'peace' for 'Nicodemus' in an acceptance of Christianity in one of its organised forms (after much rebellion against such forms) may also be the way of 'peace' for the nations and the world.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN

By Harry W. Flannery. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

In 1940 Mr. Flannery succeeded William L. Shirer as Berlin correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and his book, too, is the authentic successor to Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. It is common, now, for foreign correspondents to prattle about everything from food, night-clubs, rationing and the young and old folks at home to military blood-baths and 'post-war' economic systems, and Mr. Flannery has all the mournful loquacity of the sophisticate abroad; but one should excuse him this weakness, for he is also comparatively broadminded and witty.

He meets a host of people, among them P. G. Wodehouse, Max Schmeling and Lord Haw-Haw. Until the German declaration of war on Russia, the author broadcast regularly to the States and managed to put over the air interviews with a U-boat captain and the pilot of a Stuka who had taken part in more than twenty raids on London. Then he tried to get to Switzerland, later to Russia, but was forced in the end to apply for his exit visa. His notes on damaged Frankfurt, Mannheim, etc., are as good as anything in the book.

REGINALD MOORE

OCTAVIA HILL

By E. Moberly Bell. *Constable & Co.* 15s.

It seems astonishing that one woman can have done so much, and been largely responsible for the beginning of so much else, and yet be no more than a name now. The Government would have buried her in the Abbey—an honour declined by her family.

Her interests in the living conditions of the poor began with the little toymakers whose manager she became at fourteen. Ruskin trained her as an artist; but her real skill was in social work. She began managing tenements—no easy task in the slums of Marylebone—financed by Ruskin. Never a sentimentalist, she insisted on prompt payment of rents, and on decent behaviour. In return for loyal co-operation, often won after hard battles, she gave her tenants recreation centres and gardens. She began training other women—and it is a tribute to her greatness that she was constantly delegating power to others. Emma Cons was one of her earliest pupils. She was surrounded by staunch friends, as well as by her own delightful sisters, all working in the same cause—better conditions for the poor without 'emotional almsgiving'. Under her influence the Charity Organisation Society was started.

From housing she turned to smoke abatement and open spaces—commons, footpaths, Parliament Hill, city churchyards, 'open air sitting-rooms for the poor'. Money poured in, and 1885 saw the foundation of the National Trust.

Her reputation increased. She was entrusted with bigger properties, and eager students came from Europe and America to study her methods. She was in advance not merely of her own day, but of ours, except in the matter of women's suffrage, of which she coldly disapproved.

Miss Moberly Bell has written a most able biography—no easy task, for Octavia Hill was an austere woman, and caricature might have proved easier than truth.

OLIVE JONES

CHRISTOCRACY

By J. Middleton Murry. *Dakers.* 6s.

A pacifist's essay in post-war planning. As a Christian he finds the existing state of affairs bleakly intolerable. There was a time, 'in the shabby no man's land between the two wars', when he could contemplate 'this mechanized inhumanity of man to man as the eternal agony of Jesus', but to maintain such an attitude, he says, one would have to become an anchorite, a vocation impossible for a man at fifty-two with four children. What then? Some alternative, if life is to be endurable, becomes plainly imperative. As the sudden establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth appears improbable—though he is convinced that, in spite of everything, even today, Christ is Lord here in Britain—he proposes a Utopian compromise; a way of life for the community that is admittedly 'sub-Christian' but capable, after the passage of a few generations, of giving Christianity 'something to begin on'. He projects the image of a society, as by law established, wherein Christianity might be made practicable 'elsewhere than in the catacombs'. He asks only for 'a little intelligence, a little common sense and a little decency'. To which would have to be added, I assume, more than a little faith.

P. MACER-WRIGHT

SOMEHOW OVERDONE

By Magdalen King-Hall. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Magdalen King-Hall gives an amusing and unbiased account of her life in the Sudan for the British Empire Builder. Married to an inspector in the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, she begins housekeeping in one of the stereotyped plantation bungalows, which gives little scope for original decoration. The social life of the small British community is fixed on rigidly conventional lines, despite the heat. Mrs. King-Hall describes a visit to the Omdah; 'after an hour's non-stop drinking and eating my heart began to palpitate' and 'if I so much as paused to take breath the Omdah refilled my cup, prancing round us with cakes and chocolate!' But the sordid side of life in the Sudan—people going temporarily insane, rain and malaria, wives with children left in England the isolation and immensity of the desert and the scorching sun—make one ask, with Mrs. King-Hall, 'Why did man ever inhabit this land?'

JOY SMITH

'Find out who's in charge' NEW YORKER

LATEST FROM U.S.A.

MINIATURE kangaroo lately arrived from Australia now has honoured place among array of objects on President Roosevelt's desk in Whitehouse oval room. Roosevelt great collector of amusing objects, these changing rapidly as old ones replaced with up-to-date arrivals.

Popular wining, dining and entertainment Rainbow room and grill on Rockefeller Centre's sixty-fifth floor has become war casualty, closing for duration to release workers for more important wartime duties, including eight porters whose job was polishing brass doorknobs. About 27,000 people make Rockefeller Centre their business home. Almost 68 per cent now engaged on war work.

Discarded stockings going into action against Axis. As result of countrywide campaign in which women have been putting their discarded silk and nylon stockings into special containers in department stores, WPB announced first month's collection produced enough material to make over 100,000 powder bags. Takes about fifteen pairs silk stockings make one average-sized bag. Reclaimed nylon, in addition to making canopy cloth for parachutes, is going into tapes, shroud lines, harness, webbing and belting.

Based on Chamber of Commerce questionnaire submitted to cross-section of nation's families, it has been revealed that over one and a quarter million Americans propose to buy automobiles within six months of war end, nearly one and three-quarter million plan to buy washing machines; over one million will be in market for new homes.

Well-known food manufacturing company plant has been converted almost overnight into vital war factory where wings, fuselages and tail assemblies have all been made of strong, highly-tested wood under top speed production. Additional to its warplanes, this company is continuing output of huge supplies canned ham and eggs and dehydrated food for united nations' fighting forces. Both army and WPB testing new innovation, which if it clears hurdles, will participate in one of largest food programmes of all time—ten billion pound 1943 dehydration programme. New system is called compressed food which aims at elimination of air; thus refinement of dehydration would carry space-saving idea towards perfection.

American army buys about 15,000 tons food daily, costing two and three-quarter million dollars to feed its soldiers. Each soldier eats five and half pounds food daily.

DORIS SHERIDAN, New York
Exclusive Cable to WORLD REVIEW

LATEST FROM TURKEY

TURKISH attitude towards Axis influenced by non-delivery of promised goods and by pathetic failure to secure transport to Turkey. Resentment towards Bulgaria owing to treatment of Moslem minorities of Turkish origin, numbering a million. Roumania's treatment of Moslem Dobrudja minority (also surpassing a million) not much better.

Failure of Axis diplomacy culminating in Irak's war declaration has inspired persecution of Moslem minorities throughout occupied Balkans. These minorities are primarily of Turkish origin, and Axis does not realise the deep-seated resentment of Turkey their natural champion.

Intensification of Bulgarian persecution of Turk minority has brought a flood of refugees to Turkey with stories of closing mosques, pillaged houses, public unveiling and molesting of women, seizure of goods and forced labour for women. Speaking of Turkish is forbidden in public and Turks are not allowed radios. Turk children are not accepted in Bulgarian schools whilst their own schools are closed down by force. Roumania has mobilised all males of Dobrudja aged seventeen to thirty-five inclusive, whilst carrying on similar persecutions as above, and Roumanian Moslem casualties on the Russian front, surpassing twenty thousand, proportionately greatly exceed Roumanian casualties. Moslems throughout occupied Greek Thrace and Macedonia, Albania, Serbia and Croatia, suffer similar and even worse persecution. Mihailovitch is consequently supported by Moslems.

At the time of writing Tripoli has fallen and Turkey is privately *en fête*. Events of 1911 ever present in the minds of the Turks.

Today there is a definite crystallisation of Turkish sympathy towards us, which has developed with the realisation that Turkey possesses the most powerful and best-equipped army of the Balkans and also the freshest, which is straining at the leash for action.

JACK MACKINTOSH, Istanbul
Exclusive Cable to WORLD REVIEW

CROSS-SECTION

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

BRITAIN

How to Reconstruct the Foreign Office

SOME seven months ago, *The Economist* discussed the machinery necessary to the proper conduct of foreign policy in this country. Great changes have come about in the general situation with which diplomacy is expected to deal, for example, the change from monarchic, authoritarian rule to mass democracy and mass dictatorship, and the emergence of social and economic factors as the principal determinants of policy; and the preservation in a very largely unmodified form of the old instruments of diplomacy is partly responsible for the many failings in the conduct of British foreign policy. In this article certain specific proposals for reform were made, based in the first instance on the two principles of administrative reform laid down twenty-five years ago in the Haldane Report, 'the integration of the field of work and the separation of planning from administration by the appointment of a Minister with general oversight and a competent planning staff.' It was suggested that all Governmental offices and departments dealing with Britain's relations with other States such as the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Information, the Political Warfare Executive and the Department of Overseas Trade, should be grouped together under the general supervision of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs who, equipped with an adequate planning staff and stationed in the War Cabinet, would be in a position to see the problems raised by Britain's foreign relations in the round and ensure that the great decisions on foreign policy formed part of a coherent and co-ordinated whole. These suggestions have more recently been discussed at some length in two articles in *The Times*, and the same conclusions drawn; and certainly in the past seven months the need for these reforms has grown very much more urgent.

The only significant modification that has been made in the conduct of foreign relations occurred when, in the course of last summer, an Economics and Reconstruction Department was added to the Foreign Office, with the responsibility of thinking out problems in advance, considering the more distant implications of the Office's day-to-day decisions, and concerting policy with other departments both inside and outside the Foreign Office. This innovation recognises the need to abandon the settled practice of judging each question 'on its merits' and to achieve some integration between the very different factors and interests involved in almost any international problem.

The Economist

The Danger of Drinking Milk

THE campaign for compulsory pasteurisation of milk is with us again. It is an old acquaintance and we know the moves in the campaign. As before, the medicals are made the stalking horse for the milk distributors. As before, the consumer is to be persuaded that it is really dangerous to drink milk which has not been pasteurised. Reports of the Medical Research Council are presented in their most horrific form. In fact, the poor consumer might well wonder how the human race would have survived so long but for the guardian angels of the milk distributive trades, who have protected them so zealously—and incidentally regilded their own wings so smoothly.

It is all old familiar stuff, and so far as we know no essential new evidence has come to light, no new urgency in present conditions to warrant re-opening the campaign. We would have thought that at the present juncture the zeal of the milk distributors might have been better employed in making sure that their own house was in order, for, as Professor Kay pointed out last week, there is at present 'widespread ignorance in the (milk) industry, perhaps even more among the smaller dairies, than among producers of the elements of their vocational technique.'

All told, this seems to us a very odd time for the milk trade to choose to resurrect its old bogy-man.

But the milk trade has chosen to do so, and we must not underestimate its immense power.

The Farmer's Weekly

International Copyright 1843

In January 1843, the first monthly number of *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared. Its reception fell short of expectations.

The publishers, Chapman and Hall, had agreed to pay Dickens £200 a number, but the contract included a clause providing that if, after five numbers, the profits seemed likely to prove inadequate to warrant such a payment, they should have the power to deduct £50 a number. Dickens regarded the clause as 'a mere form to satisfy the attorneys'; he was, therefore, so incensed when Chapman and Hall exercised their right of deduction that he signed a contract with a rival firm for whatever he might write during the next eight years.

Significantly at the close of the fifth number, when his publishers had power to reduce his payment, Dickens sought to stimulate interest by sending young Martin and Mark to America. The device at first failed to secure the desired effect, serving only to enable Dickens to leave his unsatisfactory hero marooned in misery while he followed the more intriguing fortunes of Jonas Chuzzlewit and Pecksniff and introduced the typically Dickensian figure of Mrs. Gamp. But when the serial shared the fate of all works by successful English writers in being pirated all over the United States, the caustic caricature of American manners and institutions caused 'all Yankee-doodledom', in Carlyle's words, to blow up 'like one universal soda-water bottle'.

In the previous year Dickens had returned from his first visit to America. As a radical and reformer, he had looked forward eagerly to the visit. For, since the days when the United States, having won independence, provided asylum for refugees from oppressive Governments, like Lafayette, Tom Paine and Cobbett, it had been lauded by Liberals as the home of liberty, a new country where a 'new world order' was in being. Americans equally looked forward to welcoming such a champion of reform; the great orator Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, declared that Dickens had 'done more already to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament', and it was predicted that he would have 'a progress through the States unequalled since Lafayette's.'

But the Americans forgot that the reformer might find room for reform among them. Dickens conceived that he should use his personal prestige for the benefit of all English men of letters. So at Boston, 'the American Athens', with the cream of the Athenians assembled under the chairmanship of Washington Irving, he ventured to broach the sore subject of international copyright, pointing out that, if a law had provided fair royalties on the American sales of the Waverley Novels, 'Scott might not have sunk beneath the mighty pressure on his brain'.

The Press received the speech with ill grace; it was bad form in the 'literary guest of the nation' to raise a subject of controversy. Anonymous letters informed Dickens that he was no gentleman. His fancy waistcoats were esteemed evidence of bad taste; R. H. Dana, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, was shocked by his 'stubby fingers and a hand by no means patrician'; another witness was unable to 'get over the impression that he is a low-bred man'. Dickens had not expected to find snobbery in the Republic; mercilessly he remembered it in *Chuzzlewit*, when young Martin is welcomed as a distinguished stranger till the awful discovery that he crossed the Atlantic in the steerage!

Times Literary Supplement

International Copyright 1943

May I be permitted to refer to the interesting letter by Mr. G. Wren Howard and Mr. Stanley Unwin published in your issue of 14 November? Your correspondents propose the conclusion of an agreement between this country, the United States of America, the U.S.S.R., and China to give mutual copyright protection to each other's nations and so to secure, when peace comes, the adherence of the whole civilised world to a new international Copyright Convention.

It might be of interest to point out that important elements in the United States consider that immediate adherence of the United States to the Berne Copyright Convention extremely desirable. The *American Journal of International Law* says:—The adherence of the United States to this international Convention 'would be a most convincing sign that the public interest can prevail over private conceptions of special interest.' It states that 'the presence of world war had clearly increased the need for regularisation and standardisation of international law and order with respect to copyright as with respect to all other subjects of inter-American interest. The adoption of the Convention by the United States now would be accounted an

initial step in post-war settlements, an act of worthy international collaboration and support of international organisation, a measure for the unification and wider application of international law, and a statesmanlike move to promote science and the useful arts temporarily in war, permanently in peace.' PAUL ABEL

(Letter in *Times Literary Supplement*)

Domicil

CORRESPONDENTS have called our attention to a recent decision of Mr. Justice Henn Collins in an undefended nullity suit, *Trebicka* v. *Trebicka*. Jurisdiction in divorce, of course, depends on the domicil of the husband, which must be English; in nullity, the ordinary rule is that the presence of the respondent within the jurisdiction at the institution of the suit is sufficient; but it has been held in *Inverclyde* v. *Inverclyde* 1931 that where a decree of nullity is claimed on the ground of the respondent's impotence, the Court of the domicil has exclusive jurisdiction. In the case with which our correspondents were concerned, the petitioner was the wife of a Polish soldier serving in this country, and the petition alleged wilful refusal or, alternatively, incapacity, to consummate the marriage; both the husband and wife had come to this country after the invasion of Poland in 1939, and the husband, while not defending the suit, appeared at the hearing and gave evidence that he had no intention of returning to Poland to stay there after the war, and that he was intending to settle in England, which he looked upon as his future home. On this evidence Mr. Justice Henn Collins granted a decree, and although, as no judgment was given, it cannot be said definitely that the learned Judge took the view that an English domicil had been established, the case is useful as showing the kind of evidence which will apparently be accepted, in such cases as this, as evidence of the adoption of a domicil of choice. *Law Journal*

Patent Medicines

IN the Middle Ages asparagus was often served at State banquets with every stick gilded. An Englishman in the eighteenth century, however, succeeded more practically in converting asparagus into gold. He successfully exploited the stupidity of his fellow-men by selling an asparagus syrup as a remedy against all ills. He became a millionaire overnight and was even knighted. His descendants still have a bunch of asparagus on their crest today! *Trek*

DOLCIAN

Shoes for Men

Officers' 3-eyelette tie shoe in Brown Gorse Calf.

There is a

DOLCIS

Shoe Store in every large Town

Strip Tease Deprecated

A PRETTY dark-haired Maltese girl at a Home Counties arms factory, at one of the factory concerts, asked the audience if they would like an impersonation of Jane, the *Daily Mirror* cartoon character.

With one voice the audience shouted 'Yes'.

To the strains of 'Good-bye, Hawaii', the girl began to dance and sing. Then she did a strip-tease act which brought rounds of applause.

So pleased were her fellow-workers that they awarded her first prize in the day's talent contest.

Next day she was sacked.

The girl is Miss Helen Mifsud, 26, of The Grove, Woking, Surrey. She came from Valetta, Malta, in 1938, and is engaged to an English soldier.

Miss Mifsud told the *Daily Mirror:*

'I took off my dress, shoes, stockings, and then some of my underwear, all in time to the music. The applause was terrific. I finished my dance wearing only a pair of silver panties and silver brassière. I have a good figure, so I thought it was all right.

'Later, one of the committee came along and told me I had won first prize.

'Next day the manager sent for me and gave me my cards. I was not given any notice, just my pay.'

An official of the factory told the *Daily Mirror*: 'Miss Mifsud was not sacked directly because of the act, but because of misconduct. She was rude.'

The Ministry of Labour said: 'No welfare officer or staff manager can dismiss a girl for misconduct or anything else without the approval of the local National Service Officer.' *Daily Mirror*

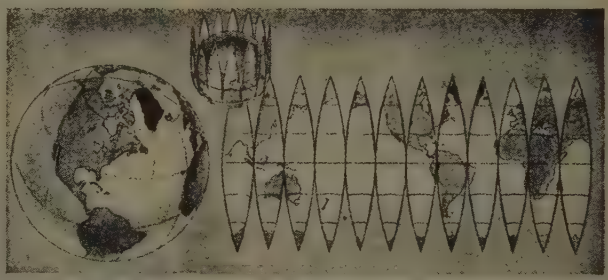
Hotel Bookings

MODERN children have a practical outlook. When the story of the Nativity was recently told in a Yorkshire school one boy, after learning that the child had to be born in the stable because there was no accommodation at the inn, told his teacher:

'Please, sir, it was all Joseph's fault. He should have booked a room in advance!' *Psychic News*

New Map Needed!

NO FLAT MAP of the world can tell the whole truth. To project one fact accurately, it must distort another. Note what happens to Greenland (shown in black) in this series. In true proportion on the globe, the arctic island jumps to enormous size on the Mercator map, appearing larger than South America. Actually, it is only one-ninth as large. On the semi-elliptical map, Greenland shrinks to near-normal size. All this need not confound the amateur geographer. He needs only to remember that each flat map has its purpose—one to show true direction, another true shapes, another true distances. Only a globe can show all—but it cannot show enough. For detail, the flat map!



THE EARTH—*as seen from another planet. The meridians and parallels would, of course, be invisible, being mere imaginary lines*

A GLOBE—*the only true map of the earth—is made of a series of segments called gores. Printed flat, these sections are stretched into place on the sphere. Globes antedate the Christian Era, but navigators put small stock in them until the era of world discovery*

THE WORLD—*on Mercator's projection. Shows true compass bearings for the sea navigator, but distorts all areas away from equator*

THE SEMI-ELLIPTICAL *projection, a compromise between Mollweide's and Mercator's maps, is coming into wide use in schools and homes. Land and water areas suffer only slight distortion. It suggests the earth's sphericity, which Mercator's does not. This sketch is a projection by L. P. Denoyer*

COMMONWEALTH

It is ignorant, dangerous, nonsense to talk about grants of self-government to many of the dependent territories for some time to come. It would be like giving a child of ten a latch-key, a bank account and a shot gun.

HERBERT MORRISON

Titles in Canada?

FOLLOWING a recent clarification by Parliament of Canada's anti-title rule, award of membership in orders of chivalry was made possible as long as the specific decorations carried no titles. Hence, the list for the first time since 1935 conferred on Canadians such decorations as Companion of the Bath, Member of the Order of the British Empire, and Medal of the Order of the British Empire.

Canadian Press News

Friendly

QUEEN SALOTE, 6ft. 3in. tall ruler of the Tonga or Friendly Isles, already a D.B.E., has been appointed an Associate Dame of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

Tonga, a little group of isles on the route from San Francisco to Sydney, were incorporated as a protected State within the Empire at the request of Queen Salote's grandfather, whom she succeeded in 1918.

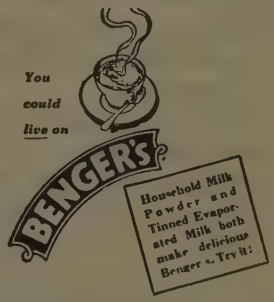
The Queen is the only ruler within the Empire whose style of 'Majesty' is recognised by the British Government.

Queen Salote is pure Maori, thirty-four years old, a keen motorist, golfer and yachtswoman. She is shy and leads a simple life. Her subjects, who number 30,000, are mostly Methodists.

DAILY SKETCH

"Rest-therapy" may be the solution to your INDIGESTION ★

PERHAPS, in the parlance of palliatives, you have "tried everything"—everything except the oldest, simplest and most effective therapy — Rest. Give your strained digestion a course of rest and it will recover its natural powers. So, follow this simple rule. Never eat a full meal when you are tired or worried. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's Food. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides the warmth and nourishment the body needs but in a form it can fully absorb without discomfort or digestive strain.



Why Benger's is so good for you

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially predigest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all good chemists and grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

UNDER COVER

FACTS and figures about the war effort of British Railways are quite rightly kept "under cover." There is small wisdom in giving gratuitous information to an inquisitive enemy.

But known facts plus a little imagination reveal a story of enormous industry and resourceful organisation.

The railways, apart from the domestic transport needs of the country, are called upon to haul a gigantic amount of additional traffic.

Imports from overseas, and exports for war zones are conveyed by rail. Workpeople in ever-growing thousands are carried to and from factories, both old and new. Troops coming and troops going are transported by rail.

In face of these extra burdens, in face of increased difficulties in operation and the trying conditions of blackout, is there any wonder that facilities for domestic passenger travel have had to be substantially curtailed?

BRITISH RAILWAYS

GWR · LMS LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

EUROPE

The Unity of All Men

A PENETRATING and courageous attack on nationalistic teaching was made in the sermon by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Fulda, Mgr. Johannes B. Dietz, on the Feast of Christ the King, 25th October. The sermon was broadcast to Germany by the Vatican Radio on 21st and 22nd December, and was then described as 'one of those magnificent sermons to which we are accustomed from the German bishops'.

The Bishop began by declaring that the universal character of the Feast applied equally to all peoples. 'A good many in our Fatherland reject Christ as the universal King, and nothing is so antagonistic to them as the unity of all men in His Kingdom. They want to split up mankind, and hold that varying national and racial characteristics preclude spiritual unity and community. Since we are faced here with a fatal view, let us consider whether it can be justified.' The Bishop emphasised that truth is absolute. 'Twice two makes four, whether you are a Japanese, a German or an Eskimo.'

The Spiritual Issues of the War, No. 167

Butter Fingers

THE Burgomaster of Hilversum has announced that in the case of a heavy snowfall, it appears that there will not be adequate man-power available for snow clearing. The work must, therefore, be done by young men between 18 and 23 years of age, but this only applies to those in possession of butter cards. The Burgomaster puts forward the opinion that holders of butter cards are better dressed and better fed and consequently more suited to this kind of work than holders of fat cards. They will be obliged to do this work for one day per week. The paper adds: 'This is a really striking example of how to solve difficulties in the National-Socialist way.'

Het Nationale Dagblad

German Thoroughness

THE German troop trains which run through Sweden between Norway and Germany have brought with them the foot-and-mouth disease. This is the assertion of the Swedish newspaper *Arbetaren* in Stockholm. *Arbetaren* goes on to explain how German 'thoroughness' is responsible for the spreading of the disease into Sweden. The Germans calculated that during the journey through Sweden a certain amount of food would go to waste, and it was therefore decided that every train should have its pig—to eat the waste. But the pigs, coming from Germany, were infected with foot-and-mouth disease.

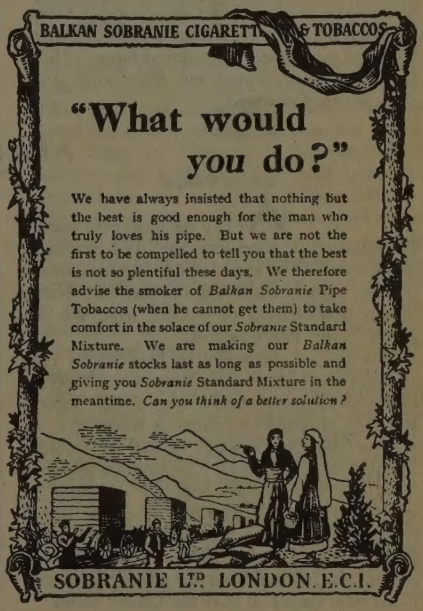
This extreme example of German war-economy is now being paid for by Swedish farmers.

Norwegian Press Bulletin

Flat Refusal

A DIVORCED couple from Berlin has been ordered by the Court to continue to live together in the same flat, owing to the shortage of accommodation. The woman claimed the flat, because the husband was the guilty party in the divorce, but the judge decided that it would be 'unbearably hard to force the husband to move', considering the present housing situation, and he therefore permitted him to occupy part of the flat.

Dagens Nyheter



Apparition

THE appearance of a 'Black Lady', 6 ft. 3 in. in height and dressed all in black with a luminous white cross on her breast, is 'frightening people to death' in the Porsgrund district of Norway,

She wears white high-heeled boots and a large hat, and eye-witnesses declare that there is no doubt that 'she' is a man.

Norwegian Radio (German controlled)

Social Notes

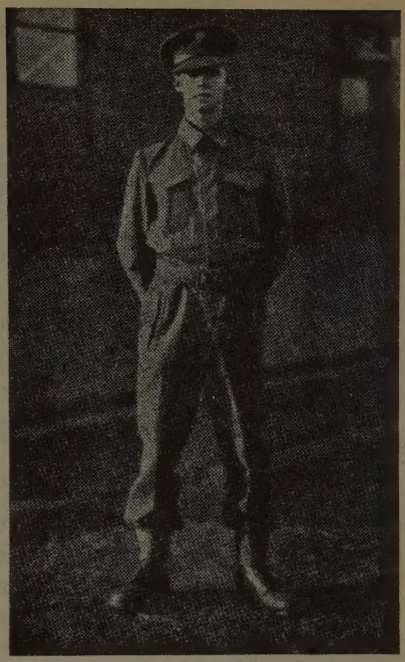
FRANCIS JOSEPH II, the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein, has announced his engagement to Countess Georgine de Wilczek, Paris radio said recently. The Prince is 36 years of age and the Countess is 21.

British United Press

Church Notes

COMRADE JOSEPH STALIN received his first official blessing from the Russian Orthodox Church. Seventy-five-year-old Acting Patriarch Sergei wrote to 'the divinely anointed leader of our armed and cultural forces': 'May God bless with victory and glory your great deeds for the fatherland.'

Time



The heir to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, known as the Grand Duke Jean. Now a private in the Irish Guards. Known to the sergeant as Private Luxembourg. Aged 22

AMERICA

Junior Police

AFTER spending two years in California and observing the well-developed social sense of the school child, I left convinced that one activity which was of prime importance in this development of a social sense was the Junior Traffic Police system.

This scheme originated in Berkeley in 1923 and was due to the joint efforts of the Berkeley Police Department, the Berkeley Public Schools and the Californian Automobile Association. Its purpose was laid down to be that of 'training the boys who participate in leadership, responsibility and civic co-operation; the education in safety and civic co-operation of all the school children; and assisting the Police Department in safeguarding school children whilst crossing streets.' So successful has the scheme been that it has now spread all over the United States.

Each main crossing near a school is controlled by a patrol of six boys. One of these boys acts as sergeant and is stationed at one end of the pedestrian lane across the street, another acts as corporal and takes the other end of the lane. The four patrolmen operate two on either side of the lane; about 100 ft. from it, and facing the oncoming traffic in each case is a warning easel and attendant. Nearer the crossing are the other two boys, each carrying a semaphore—a metal disc on the end of a pole stating '*Stop—Police Dept.*'. On a blast from the sergeant's whistle the semaphores are lowered and the traffic stopped. The sergeant and the corporal on the crossing see that the children get safely across, and when the crossing is clear a double blast from the sergeant's whistle is the signal for the semaphores to be raised and traffic to proceed once more.

There is no gainsaying that the system works

well. Children and traffic both obey the controls unhesitatingly. In Berkeley, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, with probably 10,000 cars, there were only two accidents to school children in 10 years —and these were due to the negligence of car drivers. In the event of an accident, or trouble of any kind, the patrols report in writing to their headmaster who transmits the report to the Police Department. The Police and the Courts back the scheme to the fullest extent, and any driver who causes trouble is dealt with in exemplary fashion. In discussing the scheme on this side of the Atlantic one is always told that it will not work, primarily because of the heaviness of the traffic. To one who has seen American traffic the suggestion is ludicrous, and it should be remembered that as long ago as 1930 California was running one car for every seven members of the population.

In these days of shortage of police officers, extra duties for teachers, lack of parental control and so on, an experiment on the American lines would be well worth trying. Probably it would require a local bye-law to put a scheme on a proper footing, and it goes almost without saying that the whole-hearted approval and sympathy of the local police would be essential.

Letter in *Times Educational Supplement*

Bolivia not Satisfied with U.S. Help

DOMESTIC politics in Bolivia, in the last two months, have been completely absorbed by discussions in Parliament on the international agreements previously concluded by the Government. Those with Argentina, especially the construction of the Yacuiba-Santa Cruz railway, had already been severely criticised. In some quarters in Bolivia, Argentina is alleged to be about to undertake an expansionist drive in South America. The assertion is made that one of the first principles of Argentine policy is to be assured of priority in the linking of its railways with Santa Cruz in Bolivia. The cancellation of the Standard Oil concessions seemed to remove an obstacle in the way of Argentine influence over Bolivian oilfields. But Argentina's plans suffered a serious reverse when the construction of the railway between Corumba and Santa Cruz was agreed upon by Bolivia and Brazil. The construction of this railway, however, had to be suspended, because the necessary equipment could not be obtained from the United States. It is thought that the Yacuiba-Santa Cruz railway will meet with the same fate.

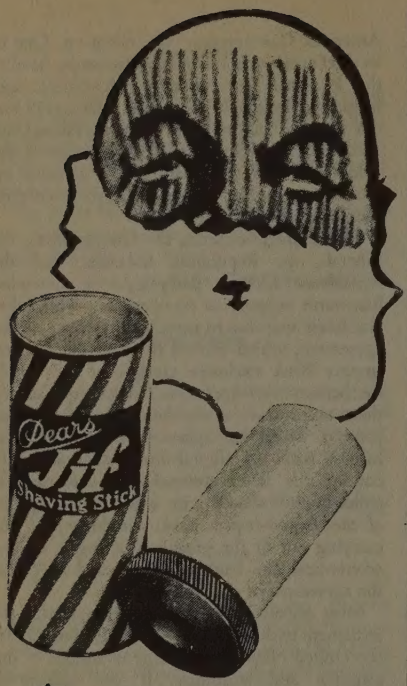
After these agreements had been accepted by the Bolivian Parliament, the question of 'North American Co-operation' was taken up. One of its chief critics was Victor Paz Estenssoro, head of the National Revolutionary Movement, and formerly Minister of Economic Affairs. He was not opposed in principle to co-operation, and admitted that Bolivia lacks other means of development, and the creation of a modern industrial system. But he insisted that the conditions should be less 'colonial'.

The Unified Socialists, the Conservatives, the Liberals, the Republican Socialists, and the *Republicano Genuino* party gave a somewhat lukewarm support to co-operation. This lukewarmness was due to some of the terms of the agreement, which seemed to grant the Export-Import Bank exclusive control of the whole mechanism of co-operation. Conspicuous among these terms was the stipulation that only those projects which are approved by the Export-Import Bank are eligible for finance and execution; that if exceptional and unforeseeable circumstances should arise which, *in the opinion of the Export-Import Bank,* would render the carrying out of the projects impossible or uneconomical, the bank is empowered to cancel the agreement at 90 days' notice.

Most unpopular of all was undoubtedly the settlement with Standard Oil. Bolivia is supplying the United Nations with large quantities of tin, tungsten and antimony. It was considered humiliating that, in spite of this, no assistance could be secured from the United States until the Standard Oil case, in which the Bolivian Supreme Court had already given its decision, was settled. Even then, the assistance forthcoming—$15½ millions—was extremely small and quite disproportionate to the country's real requirements. The outcome of the voting in Parliament was so doubtful that the Cabinet did not dare to make the agreement an issue of confidence, and it was simply taken in the business of the day and passed by 46 votes to 45. Even this majority was only obtained by the vote of a deputy who was also a Government employee. Not a single deputy raised his voice in defence of the agreement.

As a result of this vote, the Cabinet resigned, and President Peñaranda appointed a new one, which, from the inaugural addresses of the President and the new Foreign Minister, does not seem likely to modify Bolivia's foreign policy.

After the new Cabinet had been formed, it was made known that President Roosevelt had invited Bolivia's President, General Peñaranda, to the United States. The Bolivian President accepted the invitation. *The Economist*



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Pears Jif

SHAVING STICK 7½d.

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Men's and women's styles for all occasions

Swan shoes **Health shoes**

CVS-91

FALSE TEETH

and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly.* Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

SAFEGUARD THEIR FUTURE

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